





FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Elizabethan Dramatists

MARLOWE'S "DR. FAUSTUS "

JONSON'S "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR "

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S

"PHILASTER "

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

GEORGE ANSEL WATROUS, A.M.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is not the purpose of this introduction to trace the history of English drama from its origin, but rather to present as briefly as may be the conditions in which that marvellous production of Elizabethan days came forth. We must pass by the old liturgical plays, the mysteries, miracles, interludes, and masks that served as forerunners of the perfected form. The lines between tragedy and comedy had been fixed, and the struggle between classic and romantic types was well on when Marlowe "of the mighty line" went to London "to find his fortune, not to make it."

The causes of that tremendous burst of lyrical and dramatic splendor are in part conjectural. Literature is an expression of life, national and individual; and whenever there comes to the individual or to society a realization and recognition of self, there comes also the expression of that idea. Neither conception nor expression can be dragged or driven, cajoled or coaxed. Conditions and men are equally essential.

In the days of Elizabeth, England awoke to a new consciousness of her greatness and power. The person was reborn and became an individual, confident of his own and of his country's strength. The world was large, but Drake had sailed around it and brought safely back his treasure-laden vessel. What limit could be placed to man's effort? Mighty issues were at stake; the days were full of adventure; ambition was almost boundless. New lands were discovered.

A bold commerce brought not only the merchandise but the bewildering legends from the people of the East. The sway of one religion had passed and men governed themselves by new beliefs. The courtier, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the soldier, — lived in one man. The versatility of Sidney, Bacon, Raleigh and a host of others bears amazing testimony. Men were stirred as they had never been before nor since. Romance seemed reality, and life romantic.

The spirit thus engendered demanded a free course and full expression. The accomplishment of the reformation, the repulse of Spain, and the enlightenment of the renaissance made its power resistless. The new learning took quick root, sprang up, and flourished. Classical study was adapted to modern thought; translations of the Bible were developing a perfection of English speech; and English travellers and students seized eagerly the lore and legends of Italy, France, and Germany. Every source was laid under contribution. Materials were thus collected for a splendid art of some sort: what that art should be, the national conditions and native genius of the English people soon determined. The stage for the display of the new-found knowledge was found in the romantic drama which from the first was close to the hearts of the people and soon displaced other forms of art, — painting, sculpture, architecture. The drama in England was the main outlet for the energy acquired from the renaissance of the South and the reformation of the North.

In answer to this call, a host of playwrights made their way to London. Kyd, Nash, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Munday, Lodge, Chettle, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakspeare — where shall such a catalogue

end? They were authors and actors alike, bound in good fellowship and genial feeling; hale fellows, all of them, rich while a shilling remained in pocket, careless alike of poverty or wealth, and never anxious beyond the moment. They drank too much, lived lives all too fast, and their short years were quickly run.¹ Liberty still meant ugly license, and life was careless, exuberant, unrestrained, lawless. Many a tavern reëchoed to rollicking songs through many a merry night. Most famous is the "Mermaid," where the literary clique gathered for the common carousal of wine and wit.

"What things have we seen — . . .
 Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
 So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole wit into a jest,
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest
 Of his dull life."

The business of playwright was the only lucrative literary occupation of the day. The demand for plays exceeded the supply so that a ready market awaited every product. Prices were not high, it is true, but money was worth more then than now. In the early days, four pounds, from twenty-five to thirty now, was an average price. Later ten pounds were given, and this according to one of Ben Jonson's characters² became the customary price. The author was closely connected with some one theatre and company of actors. All that he wrote belonged to the theatre and formed a part of its library — its most valuable property.

¹ Kyd died at thirty-eight, Nash at thirty-four, Peele at thirty-nine, Greene at thirty-two, Marlowe at twenty-nine,

² Chrisoganus, in *Histrionomastix*.

Piracy was of course exceedingly common; indeed, the theft of his work by some rival company or unprincipled publisher was one of the chief vexations of the Elizabethan dramatist. He had but little security against the theft and no redress if the crime were committed. Of the early group, those commonly called Shakspeare's predecessors all, with the exception possibly of Peele, were actors. Their business had the cordial approval and support of queen and court, and they were no less popular with the varied classes of people who made up an Elizabethan audience.

A motley crowd assembled in "the fields." These were London's suburbs, where stood the Globe, the Curtain, the Rose, and Blackfriars, forced beyond the immediate rule of the Lord Mayor by Puritan dissatisfaction. But the distance and discomfort mattered nothing. 'Prentices, journeymen, fops, courtiers, and noblemen came to see and hear. For the play was the thing, rich in fervid eloquence and beautiful description. A penny gained admission and twopence would buy a place among the groundlings or "stinkards," as the poorer frequenters of public theatres were called. Among them, apples, nuts, and beer circulated freely. The wealthier and more fastidious might for sixpence sit in a box above, or perchance might give a shilling and have a three-legged stool or "tripod" upon the stage—a custom annoying to both actors and spectators, for the gallants who followed this plan had consideration for no one. Performances began about three in the afternoon and continued until five or thereabouts.

On days when plays were to be presented a flag was floated from the theatre roof. As the hour approached drums were beaten, and as a final signal

there was a flourish of trumpets. Playbills were used to announce the show, those in red letters indicating tragedy. The Prologue, in a black mantle, with a flowing wig and crowned with bays, ambled on the stage and begged attention, even then grudgingly given. There were many interruptions in the nature of fights between the tripod fops and the stinkards. Curses were exchanged and apples hurled back and forth. Card-playing whiled away time until the play itself began.

The stage and the theatre were themselves poor affairs, hardly conceivable in these later days of elegant mountings and wonderful settings. Even court performances, upon which vast sums of money were expended, rested largely for effect upon dance-groupings, tableaux, and processions. There was barely any scenery and only the simplest sort of setting was known. The stage was narrow, and projected out into the yard, so that the actors were surrounded by the spectators. There was no perspective, no illusion; the event presented became a reality shared equally by audience and actor. The action was adorned by no art of stage-craft.

Under such unfavorable conditions was created a dramatic literature, equalled but once and never surpassed. The old traditions of dramatic construction would not answer. The defenders of Aristotle, Seneca, Plautus, and Terence fought valiantly, but their cause in England was hopeless from the beginning. The earliest dramas, and indeed all the critics including Sidney, favored the form which obeyed the classic laws. Stage limitations likewise defended the same structure; but the people preferred romance, and the people always win. In France the struggle was pro-

tracted longer, and classicism ruled until Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, 1830.

The new spirit would not tolerate the old rigor. A new muse was invoked. She had never heard of Parnassus, nor dreamed of the heights of Olympus. She had not even a name. Marlowe was still playing truant at the Canterbury School, and, with Avon's fields and forests and larks, Shakspeare was learning his "native wood-notes wild." All nature and all forms of life were her domain. She was found in all the haunts of men — palace, market, church, shop, tavern, and street. Good and evil, hearts and minds, action and passion, all were in her province. Thus she was a sovereign all potent and swayed the destiny of a perfect art.

The muse of romantic drama was no niggard. She scattered her favors lavishly among her worshippers. Ill-tempered, misanthropic Greene, courtly Lyly, and complacent, scholarly Jonson were charmed alike. With Fletcher she tripped daintily through flowery-kirtled meads along his "primrose path"; she shuddered with Webster among his yew trees, ghouls, and charnel-houses; laughed at Shirley's sparkling wit; and wept with Ford o'er sweet Calantha's broken heart. Her faults were those of youth and ignorance, and the mere fact that she was unlearned in the maze of classic art made her worthy to become the "muse of modern drama."

In defence of the new spirit and in reverence for its muse the work of Marlowe, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher was done. It was Marlowe who, in the twenty-nine years that spanned his life, crystallized the amorphous efforts of his predecessors. He knew what he wanted to do and lost no time in setting

about his task. It is no uncertain note that rings in the prologue of his first play ; it is the definite, determined purpose of the conscious artist.

“ From jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortune as you please.”

Marlowe did what he here promised. He gave the drama a new form of verse, he put popular material in classic form and carried both to a high level of perfection. Lacking Marlowe, there had been no explainable Shakspeare. Life that was huge, tense, and quivering went into the “jiggling veins” of his verse. Herein is the shadow of Marlowe's most patent characteristic, — what Dr. Symonds calls his “love of the impossible.” Tamburlaine would conquer the world : Faustus craved all knowledge for his domain : Mortimer would have no less than Edward's queen and England's crown : Barabas is a type of superhuman lust and greed. His characters are all Titans who aim at supreme power and covet the impossible.

Jonson's work was contemporary with Shakspeare's. In acquired ability he surpassed all his fellows and among our poets is second only to Milton. His range of reading was far wider than the Greek and Latin classics usually read in his day. He knew at first hand the philosophers, historians, poets, and a later field of literature including Agrippa, Paracelsus, Erasmus, Rabelais ; and had a fair knowledge of German. His tragedies, comedies, and masks are rich in exam-

ples of the learning prized in the universities. He is proud of his learning, excusably so perhaps, and boasts that he but seldom "condescends to imitate a modern author."

And he knew life full well. Before he became an actor and author he had been a student, a tradesman, and a soldier. He had travelled far. Flanders, France, and England were familiar. Nobles, scholars, bookmen were his associates, and he was "lord of misrule" at the Mermaid and in the Apollo room at the "Devil." The technicalities of theology, law, science, alchemy, and the cant of all trades, casts, and Bohemianism were the common tools of his work.

Critics have cavilled at his learning, but it was neither learning nor knowledge of life that made him a great dramatist. It was rather the application of these powers under the direction of a lofty purpose and great genius. He had a noble conception of his work—the applause of the moment was never the end of his aspiration. "To maintain the dignity of tragedy on the level of what he recognizes as its highest models; and in comedy to hold the mirror up to the ridiculous foibles and vices of human nature by realistically reproducing its most striking types of this description;—these are the ends which he consciously pursues."¹ In him were united the scholar, and the man of action—such an one as must have made warm the heart of the Concord seer.

Shakspeare's work was nearly if not wholly done when Beaumont and Fletcher began to write. They belong distinctly to the group of later Elizabethans. Both were well born and educated and "must have moved with ease, and as equals, among the gently

¹ Ward: *English Dramatic Literature*, Vol. II., p. 400.

born and bred." Their productive power is amazing. Themes, tragic and comic, seemed equally welcome and each was treated with a power rarely surpassed even in that marvellous age.

They had, of course, the advantage of their predecessors' experience. The work of Shakspeare must have been known to them, and at the outset of their careers we know that both were admirers and esteemed friends of the learned Jonson. They therefore had the chance and, still better were able, to profit by the failures and shortcomings of the older generation. The best specimens of dramatic composition were before their eyes; they had wide range in choice of subjects and freely availed themselves of every opportunity.

And now, as these pages go to press, comes the welcome news that Elizabethan drama is to be revived. May Marlowe, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and a host of others give light and pleasure to multitudes who to-day know them not.

UTICA, N.Y., February, 1903.

KEATS'S LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison ? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF
DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.



CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

“OF all that he hath written to the stage his ‘Dr. Faustus’ hath made the greatest noise with its Devils, and such like tragical sport.” So wrote Edward Phillips, 1675, in his *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*. Contemporary opinion has the same trend; and critics of a later day — Lamb, Hazlitt, Lewes, Cunningham, Ellis, Courthope, Saintsbury — agree in giving Dr. Faustus high rank, not only in Marlowe’s dramas, but in all Elizabethan productions.

The date of the play is uncertain. It may, however, with a fair degree of accuracy, be put in 1588–1589 (before November, 1589), and was probably written for the Lord Admiral’s Company. Thus Faustus followed Tamburlaine, — inordinate greed for knowledge followed inordinate greed for power. The success of the play as well as its date are well authenticated by Robert Greene’s *Friar Bacon* (1589), evidently written in rivalry with Marlowe’s work. The references to Alexander of Parma, persecutor of the Netherlands, fixes the play before 1590, while the episode of the bridge brings it after 1585. In Samuel Rowland’s *Knave of Clubs* (1600), we have a reference to the original actor of *Faustus*: —

“The gull gets on a surplis,
With a cross upon his breast,
Like Allyn playing Faustus,
In that manner was he drest.”

Of Marlowe himself we know but little, despite a multitude of conjectures. He was baptized at Canterbury, February 26, 1564. He received his early education at King's School of the same place, and later entered Corpus Christi, Cambridge, whence he had B.A. in 1583, and M.A. in 1587. Soon afterward he settled in London and began his writing. "By guiving too large a swinge to his owne wit and suffering his lust to haue the full reives,"¹ he incurred a charge of heresy and was arrested May 18, 1593. Whether he was punished or allowed to go free, Thomas does not tell. At Deptford, on the first of June, 1593, in a tavern brawl over a courtesan, he was stabbed in the eye and killed by Francis Archer, a serving-man.

Marlowe's untimely end was a sweet morsel to the Puritans. They held up his fate as an awful example of God's swift and terrible judgment upon a free-thinker, a blasphemer, and an atheist. The catalogue of crimes was almost too short to supply their busy pens and doubtless busier tongues. The devil himself could scarcely have committed all the crimes laid at Marlowe's charge. Among his friends were some of the finest-fibred men of the time. His patron was Walsingham, a high-minded gentleman; Shakspeare in *As You Like It* alludes to the "dead shepperd" with tenderness; Blount, his publisher and friend, tells of "the impression of the man that hath been dear unto us, living an after-life in our memory"; and even sharp-tongued, jealous Nash penned an elegy on "Marlowe's untimely end." The only definite and specific charge was made by a rascally knave called Bame, who later was hanged at Tyburn. Mr. Saints-

¹ *Theater of God's Judgments*, Thomas Beard (1597).

bury's judgment is doubtless correct : " That Marlowe was a Bohemian in the fullest sense is certain : that he was anything worse there is no evidence whatever."

Marlowe, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of *Kit*.

— *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Neat Marlowe, bathèd in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had ; his raptures were
All air, and fire, which made his verses clear ;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

— *Of Poets and Poesie*, MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE POPE.

CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

DUKE OF VANHOLT.

FAUSTUS.

VALDES.

CORNELIUS. } Friends to FAUSTUS.

WAGNER, Servant to FAUSTUS.

CLOWN.

ROBIN.

RALPH.

Vintner, Horse-Courser, Knight, Old Man, Scholars,
Friars, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.

LUCIFER.

BELZEBUB.

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

GOOD ANGEL.

EVIL ANGEL.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

DEVILS.

Spirits in the shape of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of his
paramour, and of HELEN OF TROY.

CHORUS.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Trasymene,¹
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians ;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturned ;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse :
Only this, gentlemen, — we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad ;
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes ;²
Of riper years to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism graced,
That shortly he was graced with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology ;
Till swollen with cunning³ of a self-conceit,

¹ In the battle at Lake Trasimenus, 217 B.C., Hannibal overwhelmed the Romans and killed more than fifteen thousand, including the leader Flaminius.

² Presumably, Roda in Saxe-Altenburg.

³ This word is used throughout the play in the sense of skill or knowledge.

His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
 And, melting, Heavens conspired his overthrow ;
 For, falling to a devilish exercise,
 And gluttèd now with learning's golden gifts,
 He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy.
 Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
 Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.
 And this the man that in his study sits! [Exit.¹

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *discovered in his Study.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
 To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess ;
 Having commenced, be a divine in show,
 Yet level at the end of every art,
 And live and die in Aristotle's works.
 Sweet Analytics, 't is thou hast ravished me, [*Reads.*
*Bene disserere est finis logices.*²
 Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
 Affords this art no greater miracle?
 Then read no more, thou hast attained the end ;
 A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit :
 Bid *ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν*³ farewell ; Galen⁴ come,
 Seeing *Ubi desinit Philosophus ibi incipit Medicus* ;

¹ It is possible, as Dyce suggests, that before going out, the Chorus, by drawing a curtain, discover Faustus.

² The sense of this and the other Latin phrases is given in succeeding lines.

³ The edition of 1604 has "Oncaymaeon," by which Marlowe meant Aristotle's "being and not being."

⁴ A celebrated Greek physician and philosopher of about 130 A.D. He composed some 500 treatises, of which 83 (genuine) have been preserved.

Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eternised for some wondrous cure. [Reads.

Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Is not thy common talk found Aphorisms?¹

Are not thy bills² hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eased?
Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic, farewell. — Where is Justinian?³ [Reads.

*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter
valorem rei, etc.*

A pretty case of paltry legacies! [Reads.
Ex hæreditare filium non potest pater nisi, etc.

Such is the subject of the Institute
And universal Body of the Law.
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done divinity is best;
Jerome's Bible,⁴ Faustus, view it well. [Reads.

Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! Stipendium, etc.

¹ Medical maxims.

² Prescriptions, or advertisements, which he used as a travelling physician.

³ Byzantine emperor, under whose direction the body of Roman law was composed and annotated.

⁴ The Latin version of the Scriptures and the authorized version for the Roman Catholic church. It was prepared by Jerome about the close of the fourth century.

The reward of sin is death. That 's hard. [Reads.
*Si peccasse negamus fallimur et nulla est in nobis
 veritas.*

If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves,
 and there 's no truth in us. Why then, belike we must
 sin and so consequently die.

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, *Che sera sera*,

What will be shall be? Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians

And necromantic books are heavenly :

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters :

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, of omnipotence

Is promised to the studious artisan!

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command: emperors and kings

Are but obeyed in their several provinces,

Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds ;

But his dominion that exceeds in this

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man,

A sound magician is a mighty god :

Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

Wagner!

Enter WAGNER.

Commend me to my dearest friends,

The German Valdes and Cornelius ;

Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to
 me

Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

G. Ang. O Faustus! lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contained:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.

[*Exeunt* ANGELS.]

Faust. How am I gluttèd with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg,
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,¹

¹ This refers to the famous blockade of Antwerp by Alexander of Parma, 1585. The following interesting account is from Creighton's *Age of Elizabeth*, p. 170 f.

" . . . But Antwerp was too well fortified to be taken by storm, and it was impossible to blockade it so long as the river remained open. The flat-bottomed boats of the Hollanders could take advantage of any condition of the tide and bring

And reign sole king of all the provinces ;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war

supplies to the beleaguered city. Parma, however, made himself master of the banks of the Scheldt and built forts at such places as secured him the command of the navigation of the river. He then proceeded, during the winter of 1584, to build a bridge across the stream. The Scheldt was here sixty feet deep and eight hundred yards broad ; to bridge such a channel seemed to the besieged an impossible folly. But the Spaniards, beginning from either bank, slowly drove in their piles so firmly that their work withstood the huge blocks of ice that in the winter months rolled down the stream. When the piers had been built as far as was possible, the middle part was made sure by a permanent bridge of boats. In February, 1585, the Scheldt was closed.

“ In Antwerp, however, lived an Italian engineer, Giambelli, who proposed a means of breaking through this barrier. He took two ships, in each of which he built a marble chamber, filled with gunpowder, over which was placed a pile of every kind of heavy missile. These ships were floated down the Scheldt, but their meaning was disguised by some small fire-ships which sailed in front of them. The Spaniards spent their energies in warding off the fire-ships, and the other two struck against the bridge ; in one the match burnt out without reaching the powder, but the other took fire with a terrific explosion. A thousand Spanish soldiers were hurled into the air, and a breach of two hundred feet was made in the bridge. Confusion and panic terror struck the hearts of the Spaniards. But the men of Antwerp could not use their success ; the signal was not given to the Zeeland fleet which was waiting out at sea. No relief came, and Alexander of Parma, recovering at once his presence of mind, set to work with desperate energy to repair the breach. In three days the blockade was again established, and Parma awaited the end. Another desperate sally was made by the Netherlands, who succeeded in carrying one of the Spanish forts ; but they could not maintain themselves there against the valor of the Spanish troops when they were under their heroic leader's eye. The Netherlands were driven back, and with their failure Antwerp's last hope was

Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

*Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.*¹

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealèd arts :
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy
That will receive no object, for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both law and physic are for petty wits ;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile :
'T is magic, magic that hath ravished me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt ;
And I that have with concise syllogisms
Gravelled the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus,² when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,

gone. The city capitulated on August 17, 1585; there was to be a general amnesty, but only the Catholic religion was to be tolerated; those who refused to conform were allowed two years to wind up their affairs and quit the city."

¹ Cornelius Agrippa (1486-1535), a German philosopher and student of alchemy and astrology. Valdes is unknown. Mr. Havelock Ellis suggests Paracelsus. See Browning's poem.

² A legendary Greek poet, supposed to have been a disciple of Orpheus and to have lived about 1400 B.C. See Virgil's *Æneid*, VI., 667; Dryden's translation, VI., 867-911.

Whose shadow¹ made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience

Shall make all nations to canònise us.

As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,

So shall the spirits of every element

Be always serviceable to us three ;

Like lions shall they guard us when we please ;

Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves

Or Lapland giants,² trotting by our sides ;

Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,

Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows

Than have the white breasts of the queen of love :

From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,

And from America the golden fleece

That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury ;

If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this

As thou to live ; therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform

Will make thee vow to study nothing else.

He that is grounded in astrology,

Enriched with tongues, well seen in minerals,

Hath all the principles magic doth require.

Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowned,

And more frequented for this mystery

Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,

And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,

¹ In his *De Occulta Philosophia*, Agrippa gives directions for divination by means of shades of the dead.

² The Laplanders, of course, are nearer dwarfs than giants. Marlowe makes the same error in *Tamburlaine*, Act I., Scene 1.

Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
 Within the massy entrails of the earth ;
 Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want ?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius ! O this cheers my soul !
 Come show me some demonstrations magical,
 That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
 And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
 And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus'¹ works,
 The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament ;
 And whatsoever else is requisite
 We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art ;
 And then, all other ceremonies learned,
 Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Vald. First I 'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
 And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after
 meat,
 We 'll canvas every quiddity thereof ;
 For ere I sleep I 'll try what I can do :
 This night I 'll conjure tho' I die therefore. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.²

Enter TWO SCHOLARS.

1st Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus that
 was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo* ?

2d Schol. That shall we know, for see here comes
 his boy.

¹ This Albanus may be Pietro d' Albano, about 1250-1316. He was an Italian physician whose skill brought him under suspicion of the Inquisition.

² This is probably before Faustus' house, since Wagner speaks of his master inside at dinner.

Enter WAGNER.

1st Schol. How now, sirrah! Where 's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows!

2d Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know. But that follows not.

1st Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiates, should stand upon: therefore acknowledge your error and be attentive.

2d Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on 't?

1st Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellows if I be a thief.

2d Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale*? and is not that *mobile*? then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty feet of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren. [Exit.]

1st Schol. Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that

damned Art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2d Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1st Schol. O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2d Schol. Yet let us try what we can do.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.¹

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatised,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the Heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.

*Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen
triplex Jehovæ! Ignei, ærii, aquæ, terræ spiritus,
salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis*

¹This scene is in a grove. See the speech of Valdes near the end of Scene I.

*monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis. Quid tu moraris? per Jehovah, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!*¹

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
 Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
 Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
 That holy shape becomes a devil best. [*Exit MEPH.*
 I see there's virtue in my heavenly words;
 Who would not be proficient in this art?
 How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
 Full of obedience and humility!
 Such is the force of magic and my spells:
 Now Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
 That canst command great Mephistophilis:
*Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.*²

Reënter MEPHISTOPHILIS like a Franciscan friar.

Meph. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me to do?

¹ "May the gods of the lower world be propitious! Let the threefold power of Jehovah prevail! Spirits of fire, air, water, earth, all hail! Beelzebub, Prince of the East, ruler of infernal fires, and Demogorgon, we propitiate you, that Mephistophilis may appear and rise. Why do you delay? By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the consecrated water which now I sprinkle, by the sign of the cross which now I make, and by our vows, (I command) the mighty Mephistophilis himself to rise before us now!"

² "But that you rule in the person of Mephistophilis, your brother."

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave ;
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee?
Speak.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens* ;¹
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul ;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damned :
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done ; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word " damnation " terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium ;
His ghost be with the old philosophers !
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord ?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

¹ Incidentally.

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of devils?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence ;
For which God threw him from the face of Heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer ?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damned ?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it :
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being deprived of everlasting bliss ?
O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of Heaven ?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer :
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness ;
Having thee ever to attend on me ;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,

And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. [Exit.]

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,
And make a bridge through the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men :
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtained what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this art
Till Mephistophilis return again. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

*Enter WAGNER and CLOWN.*¹

Wag. Sirrah, boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have ; boy, quotha!

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Ay, and goings out, too. You may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! the villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 't were blood-raw.

¹ The scene is supposed to be a street.

Clown. How? My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 't were blood-raw! Not so, good friend. By 'r Lady, I had need have it well roasted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve us, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*¹

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and stavesacre.²

Clown. How, how, Knave's acre!³ I, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

Wag. Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

Clown. Oho! Oho! Stavesacre! Why then be-like if I were your man I should be full of vermin.

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Do you hear, sir? You may save that labour: they are too familiar with me already: swowns! they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for their meat and drink.

Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold! take these guilders.⁴ [*Gives money.*]

Clown. Gridirons! what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but in the name of French crowns,

¹ The first words of W. Lily's "Ad discipulos carmen de moribus." (Dyce.)

² A plant used for killing vermin.

³ Poultry Street, inhabited chiefly by dealers in old bottles and other second-hand rubbish.

⁴ Guilders are Dutch florins.

a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no. Here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness I gave them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away — Baliol and Belcher.

Clown. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils! Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do you see yonder tall fellow in the round slop — he has killed the devil." So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two Devils: the CLOWN runs up and down crying.

Wag. Baliol and Belcher! Spirits, away!

[Exeunt Devils.]

Clown. What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vile long nails! There was a he-devil, and a she-devil! I'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear — if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything; to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse or a rat! No, no, sir. If you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere. Oh, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets; I'll be amongst them, i' faith.

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How! Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain — call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigiis nostris insistere*.¹ [Exit.

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him: I'll serve him, that's flat.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

FAUSTUS *discovered in his Study.*

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damned, and canst thou not be saved:
What boots it then to think of God or Heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair:
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub;
Now go not backward: no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine
ears

“Abjure this magic, turn to God again!”

Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.

To God? — He loves thee not —

The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,

¹ “As it were, to stand in our footsteps,”

Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub ;
 To him I'll build an altar and a church,
 And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance! What of them?

G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto Heaven.

E. Ang. Rather, illusions — fruits of lunacy,
 That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven, and heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth.

[*Exeunt ANGELS.*

Faust. Of wealth!

Why the signiory of Embden¹ shall be mine.
 When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
 What God can hurt thee? Faustus, thou art safe :
 Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,
 And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer ; —
 Is 't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis ;
Veni, veni, Mephistophile !

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
 So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

¹ A city on the Ems, and at one time important for its commerce,

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis! and tell me what good
Will my soul do thy lord.

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*¹

Faust. Why, have you any pain that tortures
others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. (*stabbing his arm*). Lo, Mephistophilis,
for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will. (*Writes.*) But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

¹ Best rendered, perhaps, by the familiar proverb, "Misery loves company."

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

[*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?

Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not that I may write afresh?

Faustus gives to thee his soul. Ah, there it stayed.

Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?

Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Reënter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.

Meph. Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on.

Faust. So now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*

Meph. O what will not I do to obtain his soul!

[*Aside.*

Faust. *Consummatum est:*¹ this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?

Homo, fuge! Whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ:—

I see it plain; here in this place is writ

Homo, fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[*Exit.*

*Reënter MEPHISTOPHILIS with Devils, who give crowns
and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and depart.*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind
withal,

And to show thee what magic can perform.

¹ "It is done."

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescribed between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.

Faust. Then hear me read them: *On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, shall do for him and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, and in what form or shape soever he pleases. I, John Faustus, of Wertemberg, Doctor, by these presents do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistophilis: and furthermore grant unto them, that twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me,*

John Faustus.

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the Devil give thee good on't.

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the Heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortured and remain forever ;
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place ; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be :
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not Heaven.

Faust. Come, I think hell 's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy
mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou then that Faustus shall
be damned?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here 's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too ; but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush ; these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the
contrary,
For I am damnèd, and am now in hell.

Faust. How! now in hell?
Nay, an this be hell, I 'll willingly be damned here ;
What? walking, disputing, etc.?
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany ;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How — a wife?
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one,
for I will have one.

Meph. Well — thou wilt have one. Sit there till I come: I'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name.

[*Exit.*

Reënter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a devil dressed like a woman, with fireworks.

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faust. A plague on her for a hot whore!

Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
And if thou lovest me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed;
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,¹
As wise as Saba,² or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:
[*Gives a book.*

The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are, in this book.

[*Turns to them.*

¹ The faithful wife of Ulysses. See Stephen Phillips's drama.

² The Queen of Sheba.

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. [Turns to them.]

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more, — and then I have done, — wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee.

[Turns to them. Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.¹

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou Heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee 't is not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'T was made for man, therefore is man more
excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 't was made for
me;
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God can not pity thee.

¹ The scene is a room in the house of Faustus.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit ?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me ;
Ay, God will pity me if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt ANGELS.*]

Faust. My heart 's so hardened I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears
"Faustus, thou art damned !" Then swords and
knives,

Poison, gun, halters, and envenomed steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself,
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's ¹ love and CEnon's ² death ?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes ³
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis ?
Why should I die then, or basely despair ?
I am resolved : Faustus shall ne'er repent —
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon ?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth ?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree
Whose terminine is termed the world's wide pole ;

¹ Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy.

² CEnon, *i.e.* CEnone, whom Paris loved.

³ Amphion.

Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter Feigned, but are erring stars.

Faust. But tell me, have they all one motion both, *situ et tempore*.¹

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush!

These slender trifles Wagner can decide;

Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?

Who knows not the double motion of the planets?

The first is finished in a natural day;

The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the moon in twenty-eight days.

Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens, or spheres, are there?

Meph. Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. *Per inæqualem motum respectu totius*.²

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world.

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

¹ "In direction and time."

² "Through unequal movements, in respect of the whole."

Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [*Exit.*

Faust. Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell.
'T is thou hast damned distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is 't not too late?

Reënter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

E. Ang. Too late.

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [*Exeunt* ANGELS.]

Faust. Ah, Christ my Saviour,
Seek to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;
There 's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O Faustus! they are come to fetch away
thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise;
Thou should'st not think of God: think of the Devil.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,

And Faustus vows never to look to Heaven,
 Never to name God, or to pray to him,
 To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
 And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.
 Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some
 pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven
 Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
 As Paradise was to Adam the first day
 Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but mark
 this show: talk of the Devil, and nothing else: come
 away!

*Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.*¹

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names
 and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou — the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents.
 I am like to Ovid's flea:² I can creep into every corner
 of a wench; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon
 her brow; or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips;
 indeed I do — what do I not? But, fie, what a scent
 is here! I'll not speak another word, except the
 ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of
 arras.

Faust. What art thou — the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl
 in an old leathern bag; and might I have my wish I
 would desire that this house and all the people in it

¹ See Spenser's description of the deadly sins, *Faerie
 Queene*, I., 4, 17-36.

² A reference to *De Pulice*, attributed, without much
 ground, to Ovid.

were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold!

Faust. What art thou — the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case¹ of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou — the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou should'st see how fat I would be. But must thou sit and I stand! Come down with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal! What art thou — the fifth?

Glut. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers² — a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother was a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickleherring and Martin Martlemas-beef;³ O, but my

¹ A pair of rapiers carried in one sheath, and used one in each hand.

² Bevers are lunches between meals.

³ It was usual to hang up meats (which were already salted) on St. Martin's day, Nov. 11.

godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer.¹ Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the Devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton! Who art thou—the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh, and last?

Lech. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with L.²

Luc. Away to hell, to hell! Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

[*Exeunt the SINS.*]

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send you there at midnight.
In meantime take this book; peruse it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

¹ March beer was best liked.

²The quartos have "Lechery." Collier suggested the change, now generally followed.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer !
This I will keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the Devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer!

[*Exeunt* LUCIFER and BELZEBUB.

Come, Mephistophilis.

Exeunt.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragon's necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemnised.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.¹

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Passed with delight the stately town of Trier,²
Environed round with airy mountain tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince ;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines ;

¹ In the Pope's privy chamber.

² Trier is the German form of Treves.

Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents :
There saw we learnèd Maro's ¹ golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space ;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple ² stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time :
But tell me, now, what resting-place is this ?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome ?

Meph. Faustus, I have ; and because we will not
be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy
chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 't is no matter, man, we 'll be bold with
his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same :
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts :
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome :
Upon the bridge called Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,

¹ Virgil. The allusion is to the great tunnel built by him
near Naples. In mediæval times he was considered a
magician.

² Probably St. Mark's at Venice.

Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
 And double cannons ¹ formed of carvèd brass,
 As match the days within one complete year;
 Besides the gates and high pyramides,²
 Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
 Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
 Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
 That I do long to see the monuments
 And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
 Come therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay; I know you'd see the
 Pope,
 And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
 Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
 Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass them some
 sport,
 And by their folly make us merriment.
 Then charm me, Mephistophilis, that I
 May be invisible, to do what I please
 Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome,

[MEPHISTOPHILIS charms him.]

Meph. So, Faustus, now
 Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discerned.

*Sound a sonnet.*³ *Enter the POPE and the CARDINAL
 OF LORRAIN to the banquet, with FRIARS attending.*

Pope. My Lord of Lorrain, wilt please you draw
 near?

¹ Either cannons double-bored, or simply large cannons.

² Pyramides once referred to church spires, but obelisks are here meant.

³ "A peculiar set of notes on cornet or trumpet." — *Nares*,

Faust. Fall to, and the Devil choke you an you spare!

Pope. How now! Who's that which spake? — Friars, look about.

1st Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir. [*Snatches the dish.*]

Pope. How now! Who's that which snatched the meat from me? Will no man look? My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha' 't. [*Snatches the dish.*]

Pope. What, again! My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your grace. [*Snatches the cup.*]

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so. Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost. Once again, my lord, fall to.

[*The POPE crosses himself.*]

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself? Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[*The POPE crosses himself again.*]

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third, I give you fair warning.

[*The POPE crosses himself again, and FAUSTUS hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away.*]

Come on, Mephistophilis, what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not. We shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle, — candle, book, and bell,

Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell!

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, an ass
bray,
Because it is St. Peter's holiday.

Reënter the FRIARS to sing the Dirge.

1st Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business
with good devotion.

They sing:

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from
the table! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the
face! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the
pate! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! *Maledi-
cat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine!
Maledicat Dominus! Et omnes sancti! Amen!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS beat the FRIARS, and
fling fireworks among them: and so exeunt.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the
view

Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stayed his course, and so returnèd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends, and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of Astrology,
Which Faustus answered with such learnèd skill,
As they admired and wondered at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land;

Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did in trial of his art,
I leave untold — your eyes shall see performed.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.¹

Enter ROBIN *the Ostler with a Book in his Hand.*

Robin. O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Dr. Faustus's conjuring books, and i' faith I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked before me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter RALPH *calling* ROBIN.

Ralph. Robin, prithee come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up; you are dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Ralph. Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou canst not read.

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! why the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

¹ The scene is an inn-yard.

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it ?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it ; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras ¹ at any tabern in Europe for nothing ; that 's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that 's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph ; and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Ralph. O brave Robin, shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use ? On that condition I 'd feed thy devil with horsebread ² as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph : let 's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the Devil's name. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter ROBIN *and* RALPH *with a Silver Goblet.*

Robin. Come, Ralph, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus's book ? *ecce signum*, here 's a simple purchase for horsekeepers ; our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the vintner.

Robin. Hush ! I 'll gull him supernaturally.

Enter VINTNER.

Drawer, I hope all is paid : God be with you ; come, Ralph.

¹ Ippocras (hippocras) is a drink made of red wine, sugar, and various spices.

² It was a common practice among our ancestors to feed horses on bread. Nares quotes from Gervase Markham a recipe for making horse-loaves. — *Bullen.*

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I, a goblet, Ralph; I, a goblet! I scorn you, and you are but a, etc.¹ I, a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favour.

Robin. How say you now? [*Searches him.*]

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow. You, sir!

Ralph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. (*Vintner searches him.*) Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vint. Well, t' one of you hath this goblet about you.

Robin. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me. (*Aside.*) Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men; — stand by; — I'll scour you for a goblet! — stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub. Look to the goblet, Ralph. [*Aside to RALPH.*]

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. (*Reads from a book.*) *Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon* — Nay, I'll tickle you, vintner. Look to the goblet, Ralph.

[*Aside to RALPH.*]

(*Reads.*) *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, etc.*

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about.

Vint. *O nomine Domini!* What meanest thou, Robin? thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. *Peccatum peccatorum!* Here's thy goblet, good vintner. (*Gives the goblet to VINTNER, who exit.*)

¹ The actor here supplies any abusive terms. Mr. Butler mentions an old play (*Tryall of Chivalry*) with the stage direction, "Exit clown, speaking anything."

Robin. *Misericordia pro nobis!* What shall I do? Good Devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Reënter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexèd with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

Robin. How from Constantinople? You have had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and begone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so begone. *[Exit.]*

Robin. How, into an ape; that's brave! I'll have fine sport with the boys. I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I' faith thy head will never be out of the pottage pot. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE X.¹

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a KNIGHT with Attendants.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This therefore is my request,

¹ The scene is a room in the Emperor's palace.

that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here I swear to thee by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways be prejudiced or endangered.

Knight. I' faith he looks much like a conjuror.

[*Aside.*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority;
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's preëminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but mention made of him
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.
If therefore thou by cunning of thine art
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entombed this famous conqueror,

And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They used to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish
your request so far forth as by art, and power of my
Spirit, I am able to perform.

Knight. I' faith that 's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*

Faust. But, if it like your grace, it is not in my
ability to present before your eyes the true sub-
stantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which
long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there 's a
sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth.
[*Aside.*

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble
Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your
grace in that manner that they both lived in, in their
most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall suffi-
ciently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them
presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring
Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I' faith that 's as true as Diana turned me
to a stag!

Faust. No, sir, but when Actæon died,¹ he left the
horns for you. Mephistophilis, begone.

[*Exit* MEPHISTO.

¹ Diana, angered because Actæon surprised her bathing,
changed the young hunter into a stag and he was torn in
pieces by his own dogs.

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I 'll begone.
[*Exit.*

Faust. I 'll meet you anon for interrupting me so.
Here they are, my gracious lord.

*Reënter MEPHISTOPHILIS with Spirits in the shape of
Alexander and his Paramour.*

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she
lived had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I
know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

Emp. Sure these are no spirits, but the true sub-
stantial bodies of those two deceased princes.

[*Exeunt Spirits.*

Faust. Will 't please your highness now to send
for the knight that was so pleasant with me here
of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth!

[*Exit Attendant.*

Reënter the KNIGHT with a pair of horns on his head.

How now, sir knight! why I had thought thou
hadst been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a
wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee
wear them. Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How darest thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. O, not so fast, sir; there 's no haste; but,
good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my
conference with the Emperor? I think I have met
with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight: which, being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns: and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars. Mephistophilis, transform him straight. (*MEPHISTOPHILIS removes the horns.*) Now, my good lord, having done my duty I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor; yet, ere you go, Expect from me a bounteous reward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.¹

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course That Time doth run with calm and silent foot, Shortening my days and thread of vital life, Calls for the payment of my latest years: Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us Make haste to Wertenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green, I'll walk on foot.

Enter a HORSE-COURSER.

Horse-C. I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is! God save you, Master Doctor!

Faust. What, horse-courser! You are well met.

¹ The third speech tells us that this scene is a "fair and pleasant green," which changes to a room in Faustus's house when he "sleeps in his chair."

Horse-C. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so: if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-C. Alas, sir, I have no more. — I pray you speak for me.

Meph. I pray you let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money. (*HORSE-COURSER gives FAUSTUS the money.*) My boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water at any hand.

Horse-C. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. O yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-C. Well, sir. — Now am I made man forever: I'll not leave my horse for twice forty: if he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel. (*Aside.*) Well, God b' wi' ye, sir, your boy will deliver him me: but hark you, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is.

Faust. Away, you villain; what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?

[*Exit HORSE-COURSER.*

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemned to die? Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;

Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts:

Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:

Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross;

Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*Sleeps in his chair.*

Enter HORSE-COURSER, all wet, crying.

Horse-C. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian quotha? mass, Doctor Lopus¹ was never such a doctor: has given me a purgation has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water: now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper. — Do you hear? you hey-pass,² where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? You cannot speak with him.

Horse-C. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep. Come some other time.

Horse-C. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.

Horse-C. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

¹ Dr. Lopez, a Spaniard, physician to Queen Elizabeth. In 1594 he was hanged for accepting from the court of Spain a bribe to poison the queen. This probably was not written by Marlowe, since he was dead before the doctor became notorious.

² A juggler's term, applied naturally to the juggler himself.

Meph. See where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-C. Ay, this is he. God save you, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian!—Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-C. So ho, ho!—so ho, ho! (*Hollas in his ear.*) No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls FAUSTUS by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone! What shall I do?

Faust. O my leg, my leg! Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers. My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-C. O lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more.

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-C. I have none about me. Come to my ostry and I'll give them you.

Meph. Begone quickly.

[HORSE-COURSER *runs away.*]

Faust. What, is he gone? Farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner, what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.¹

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, the DUCHESS, FAUSTUS, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well. — But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor; and for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that 's nothing! Mephistophilis, begone. (*Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.*) Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Reënter MEPHISTOPHILIS with grapes.

Here they be, madam; wilt please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

Faust. If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the East; and by means of a swift spirit that I have I had

¹ In the court of the Duke of Anhalt.

them brought hither, as you see. — How do you like them, madam ; be they good ?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath showed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord ; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.¹

Enter WAGNER.

Wag. I think my master shortly means to die,
For he hath given to me all his goods :
And yet, methinks, if that death were so near,
He would not banquet, and carouse and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See where they come ! belike the feast is ended.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter FAUSTUS, *with two or three Scholars and*
MEPHISTOPHILIS.

1st Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in

¹ Scenes XIII. and XIV. are within Faustus' house.

all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage.*

2nd Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

3rd Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks
pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

1st Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's
works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell — the same I wish to
you.

Exeunt SCHOLARS.

Enter an OLD MAN.

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal

That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
 Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
 Tears falling from repentant heaviness
 Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
 The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
 With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins
 As no commiseration may expel,
 But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
 Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what
 hast thou done?

Damned art thou, Faustus, damned; despair and die!
 Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
 Says "Faustus! come! thine hour is almost come!"
 And Faustus now will come to do the right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.

Old Man. Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate
 steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
 And, with a vial full of precious grace,
 Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
 Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
 Thy words do comfort my distressed soul.
 Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,
 Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [Exit.

Faust. Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now?
 I do repent; and yet I do despair;
 Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
 What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
 For disobedience to my sovereign lord;
 Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption.
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it then quickly, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

[*FAUSTUS stabs his arm and writes on a paper
with his blood.*¹

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and
crookèd age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great: I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire, —
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen, which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Faustus, this or what else thou shalt desire
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

Reënter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launched a thousand
ships²
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

¹ This stage direction was suggested by Dyce.

² In *Tamburlaine the Great*, II., Act II., Scene 4, Marlowe has: —

“Helen (whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos).”

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. [*Kisses her.*
 Her lips suck forth my soul ; see where it flies ! —
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
 Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
 And all is dross that is not Helena.
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
 Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked :
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
 And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest :
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars ;
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appeared to hapless Semele :¹
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky
 In wanton Arethusa's² azured arms :
 And none but thou shall be my paramour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.³

Enter the OLD MAN.

Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
 That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of Heaven,
 And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat !

And Shakspeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, II., 2 : —

“Why, she is a pearl

Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships.”

¹ In answer to Semele's prayer Jupiter appeared to her, but she perished in the fire of his splendor.

² Arethusa, a water-nymph, was pursued by the river-god Alpheos. She was changed into a fountain with which Alpheos mingled his stream.

³ Scenes XV. and XVI. are in Faustus' house.

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride :
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends ! see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn !
Hence, hell ! for hence I fly unto my God.
[*Exeunt on one side Devils — on the other, OLD MAN.*]

SCENE XVI.

Enter FAUSTUS with SCHOLARS.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen !

1st Schol. What ails Faustus ?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still ! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not, comes he not ?

2nd Schol. What means Faustus ?

3rd Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over solitary.

1st Schol. If it be so, we 'll have physicians to cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit. Never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body and soul.

2nd Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven : remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offences can never be pardoned : the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches ! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book ! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea,

all the world : for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea Heaven itself, Heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy ; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever ! Sweet friends ! what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever ?

3rd Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured ! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed ! Ah, my God, I would weep, but the Devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears ! Yea, life and soul ! Oh, he stays my tongue ! I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them !

All. Who, Faustus ?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning !

All. God forbid !

Faust. God forbade it indeed ; but Faustus hath done it : for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood : the date is expired ; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

1st Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee ?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so : but the Devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God ; to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity : and now 't is too late. Gentlemen, away ! lest you perish with me.

2nd Schol. Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus ?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

3rd Schol. God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

1st Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me! and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2nd Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning I'll visit you: if not — Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt SCHOLARS. The clock strikes eleven.*]

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
*O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!*¹
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

One drop would save my soul — half a drop: ah, my Christ!

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer! —
Where is it now? 't is gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!

¹ "O, slowly, slowly, run, ye horses of the night."
The line is from Ovid's *Amores*, I., 13, 40.

Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No; no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! O no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,
That when they vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

[The clock strikes the half hour.]

Ah, half the hour is past! 't will all be past anon!
O God!

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years —
A hundred thousand, and — at last — be saved!
O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live, still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of Heaven.

[The clock strikes twelve.]

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

[*Thunder and lightning.*

O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean — ne'er be found.

[*Enter Devils.*

My God ! my God ! look not so fierce on me !

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile !

Ugly hell, gape not ! come not, Lucifer !

I 'll burn my books ! — Ah Mephistophilis !

[*Exeunt Devils with FAUSTUS.*

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,

And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,

That sometime grew within this learnèd man.

Faustus is gone ; regard his hellish fall,

Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise

Only to wonder at unlawful things,

Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits

To practise more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*



BEN JONSON.



EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

By BEN JONSON.



BEN JONSON.

Every Man in His Humour was first presented by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants in 1598. From the entries in Henslowe's diary, it is evident that the play enjoyed great popularity. It was revived by the Duke of York's Company when the theatres opened after the Restoration. In still later days Garrick in the rôle of Kitely produced it with a powerful cast at Drury Lane, in 1800. Cooke appeared in the usurer's part, as, subsequently, did Edmund Kean and Charles Young. This was the first play chosen by that famous company of amateurs headed by Charles Dickens, who handled the character of Bobadill with splendid effect. Since then — 1845 — this earliest and one of the best of Jonson's comedies has been left to the quiet hour in the study. Tradition says that the play was first accepted on Shakspeare's advice, and that in this way began the acquaintance which matured in the firm friendship of later years.

In the prologue Jonson sets forth the scheme of the play : —

" . . . deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes."

There is no great complexity of plot ; interest is centred in character and people, not in incident. The classic Jonson follows Aristotle, and claims both comedy and tragedy as the poet's right. Jonson there-

fore presents a far more faithful picture of Elizabethan times than Shakspeare does. He sees the vices, follies, fashions, foibles, — in short, the “humours” of his day, and reveals them in the action of his play.

Jonson, born in 1573, was the posthumous son of a London clergyman. He went to Westminster School at the expense of “Master Camden,” to whom the present play is dedicated, and later entered St. John’s College, Cambridge. It is not, however, probable that he was ever in attendance, though “by their favors” he was subsequently made Master of Arts by both universities. He became a tradesman, then soldier in the Low Countries, next a London actor, and finally, by accident, a playwright. This profession once assumed, he followed assiduously until his death in 1635. In his lifetime he was highly honored and became the literary dictator of the greatest age our literature has known. To-day he is ranked next to Shakspeare as a dramatic genius.

And famous Jonson, though his learnèd pen
Be dipt in Castaly, is still but *Ben*.

— *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Ah Ben !

Say how, or when

Shall we thy guests

Meet at those lyric feasts,

Made at the Sun,

The Dog, the Triple Tun?

Where we such clusters had

As made us wholly wild, not mad ;

And yet each verse of thine

Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben !
Or come again
Or send to us,
Thy wit's great overplus ;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend ;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

— *An Ode for Him*, ROBERT HERRICK.

TO THE MOST LEARNED AND MY HONOURED
FRIEND, MASTER CAMDEN, CLARENCIEUX.

Sir, — There are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury; so solemn a vice it is with them to use the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of Poetry, or the professors: but my gratitude must not leave to correct their error; since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things: and, had the favour of the times so conspired with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, and number of the fruits, the first. Now I pray you to accept this; such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor: and for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise or excuse. Your true lover,

BEN JONSON.

The dedication was first printed in the 1616 edition of Jonson's works. Camden, a scholar of no mean attainments, was second master at Westminster when Jonson was at school.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KNOWELL, an old Gentleman.
EDWARD KNOWELL, his Son.
BRAINWORM, the Father's Man.
GEORGE DOWNRIGHT, a plain Squire.
WELLBRED, his Half-Brother.
KITELY, a Merchant.
CAPTAIN BOBADILL, a Paul's Man.¹
MASTER STEPHEN, a Country Gull.
MASTER MATHEW, the Town Gull.
THOMAS CASH, Kitely's Cashier.
OLIVER COB, a Water-bearer.
JUSTICE CLEMENT, an old merry Magistrate.
ROGER FORMAL, his Clerk.
Wellbred's servant.
DAME KITELY, Kitely's Wife.
MRS. BRIDGET, his Sister.
TIB, Cob's Wife.
Servants, etc.

SCENE: LONDON.

The 1616 edition mentions the following actors in the first presentation: Will Shakespeare, Ric. Burbadge, Aug. Philips, Joh. Hemings, Hen. Coudel, Tho. Pope, Will. Kempe, Will. Slye, Chr. Beeston, Joh. Duke.

¹ *i.e.* frequenter of the aisle of St. Paul's.

PROLOGUE.

THOUGH need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd much ;
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate :
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years ; or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tiring-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be ;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please ;
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen ; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders ; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come ;
But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
Except we make them such, by loving still
Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.
I mean such errors as you'll all confess,
By laughing at them, they deserve no less :
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter KNOWELL, at the door of his house.

Know. A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning.—
Brainworm !

Enter BRAINWORM.

Call up your young master : bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

Brai. I will, sir, presently.

Know. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brai. Very good, sir. [*Exit.*

Know. How happy yet should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our Universities,¹
Either of which hath favoured him with graces :
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion that he cannot err.

¹ Jonson was M. A. of both.

Myself¹ was once a student, and indeed,
 Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
 Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
 That fruitless and unprofitable art,
 Good unto none, but least to the professors ;
 Which then I thought the mistress of all knowledge :
 But since, time and the truth have waked my judgment,
 And reason taught me better to distinguish
 The vain from the useful learnings.

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen,
 What news with you, that you are here so early ?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Know. That 's kindly done ; you are welcome, coz.

Step. Ay, I thow that, sir ; I would not have come else. How does my cousin Edward, uncle ?

Know. O, well, coz ; go in and see ; I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an he have e'er a book of the science of hawking and hunting ; I would fain borrow it.

Know. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you ?

Step. No, wusse ; but I'll practise against next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all ; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Know. Oh, most ridiculous !

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle : —

¹ Probably a thrust at Kyd's Spanish tragedy, particularly the character Jeronimo, a part once played by Jonson.

Why, you know an a man have not skill ¹ in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I 'll not give a rush for him: they are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without them; and by gadslid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every humdrum: hang them, scroyles! there's nothing in them i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury,² or the citizens that come a ducking³ to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i' faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry; I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Know. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb, go to! Nay, never look at me, 't is I that speak; Take 't as you will, sir, I 'll not flatter you. Have you not yet found means enow to waste That which your friends have left you, but you must Go cast away your money on a buzzard, And know not how to keep it, when you have done?

Oh, it is comely! that will make you a gentleman! Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope Of all reclaim: — ay, so; now you are told on 't, You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Know. What would I have you do? I 'll tell you, kinsman;

¹ Knowledge of such terms was part of a polite education. See glossary.

² About 1500, Finsbury Manor was made a practice ground for archery.

³ Duck hunting with dogs.

Learn¹ to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
 That would I have you do: and not to spend
 Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
 Or every foolish brain that humours you.
 I would not have you to invade each place,
 Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
 Till men's affections, or your own desert,
 Should worthily invite you to your rank.
 He that is so disrespectful in his courses,
 Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
 Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
 In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
 To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
 A little puff of scorn extinguish it;
 And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
 Whose property is only to offend.
 I'd have you sober, and contain yourself,
 Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
 But moderate your expenses now, at first,
 As you may keep the same proportion still:
 Nor stand so much on your gentility,
 Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing,
 From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
 Except you make, or hold it.

*Enter a SERVANT.*²

Who comes here?

Serv. Save you, gentlemen!

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility,
 friend; yet you are welcome: and I assure you mine

¹ Shakspeare played the part of Knowell. Cf. *Hamlet*, I., 3, 78.

² In earliest editions, Scene 2.

uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir, at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will: I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. "In good time, sir?"¹ why, and in very good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! You were best not, sir; an you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly, too; go to: and they can give it again soundly too, an need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk² with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! an you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither, in 't.

Know. Cousin, cousin, will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson, base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an 't were not for shame, I would —

Know. What would you do, you peremptory gull? If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see the honest man demeans himself

Modestly tow'rds you, giving no reply

¹ Stephen, of course, thinks he is "flouting" the servant.

² That is, he would do more than talk.

To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion ;
 And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
 As void of wit, as of humanity.

Go, get you in ; 'fore heaven, I am ashamed
 Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[*Exit* MASTER STEPHEN.]

Serv. I pray, sir, is this Master Knowell's house ?

Know. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one
 Master Edward Knowell ; do you know any such, sir,
 I pray you ?

Know. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman ? Cry you mercy, sir :
 I was required by a gentleman in the city, as I rode out
 at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Know. To me, sir ! What do you mean ? pray
 you remember your court'sy. [*Reads.*] *To his most
 selected friend, Master Edward Knowell.* What
 might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it ?
 Nay, pray you be covered.

Serv. One Master Wellbred, sir.

Know. Master Wellbred ! a young gentleman, is
 he not ?

Serv. The same, sir ; Master Kitely married his
 sister ; the rich merchant in the Old Jewry.

Know. You say very true. — Brainworm !

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brai. Sir.

Know. Make this honest friend drink here : pray
 you, go in. [*Exeunt* BRAINWORM and SERVANT.]

This letter is directed to my son ;
 Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,
 With the safe conscience of good manners, use

The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious),

Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase ;

To see if both do answer my son's praises,

Who is almost grown the idolater

Of this young Wellbred. What have we here?

What's this ?

[*Reads.*] Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends in the Old Jewry ? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there ? Yet, if thou dost, come over, and but see our frippery ; change an old shirt for a whole smock with us : do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, on the north-west wall : an I had been his son, I had saved him the labour long since, if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for them, would have served. But, pr'ythee come over to me quickly this morning ; I have such a present for thee ! — our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymer, sir, of your own batch, your own leaven ; but doth think himself poet-major of the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other — I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would have you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum.

*From the Windmill.*¹

¹ Name of a tavern.

From the Bordello¹ it might come as well,
The Spittle,¹ or Pict-hatch.¹ Is this the man
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth !
I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in schools ; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch ;
Worse by possession of such great good gifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ
In such a scurrilous manner to a friend !
Why should he think I tell my apricots,
Or play the Hesperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it ? Well, my son, I had thought you
Had had more judgment to have made election
Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust
Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare
No argument or subject from their jest.
But I perceive affection makes a fool
On any man too much the father. — Brainworm !

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brai. Sir.

Know. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter ?

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Know. And where is your young master ?

Brai. In his chamber, sir.

Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he ?

Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.

Know. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son ;
but with no notice that I have opened it, on your life.

Brai. O Lord, sir ! that were a jest indeed. [*Exit.*]

¹ Names of taverns and brothels.

Know. I am resolved I will not stop his journey,
Nor practise any violent means to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him; for that
Restrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound,
Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that 's compell'd to goodness, may be good,
But 't is but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warn them, and the same
They should for virtue have done, they'll do for
shame. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Room in KNOWELL'S House.

Enter E. KNOWELL, with a letter in his hand, followed by BRAINWORM.

E. Know. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce contents me. What countenance, prithee, made he in the reading of it? was he angry, or pleased?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No! how know'st thou then that he did either?

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

E. Know. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

Enter STEPHEN.

Step. O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in what-sha-call-him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, master Stephen; what of him?

Step. O, I have such a mind to beat him — where is he, canst thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

Brai. He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid in the fields! Whoreson scanderbag¹ rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brai. Why, you may have my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay, roll'd hard,² master Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now: let him e'en go and hang. Prithee, help to truss me a little: he does so vex me —

Brai. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

¹ A name given by the Turks to Castriot the Albanian. A translation of his life (1596) made the allusion familiar to Elizabethans.

² A common rustic practice.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on 't : how dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brai. A very good leg, master Stephen ; but the woolen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh ! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust : I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell in the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose¹ —

Brai. Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would : I have a reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen ; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for it. [Exit.

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Gramercy for this.

E. Know. Ha, ha, ha !

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me ; and he do —

E. Know. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him ! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master John Trundle² yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man, for he takes much physic ; and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, Master Wellbred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience ! then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and

¹ Cf. *Twelfth Night*, I. 3.

² A publisher of popular ballads.

threatens — (*Sees Master Stephen.*) What, my wise cousin ! nay, then I 'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess.¹ He writes to me of a brace, and here 's one, that 's three : oh, for a fourth, Fortune, if ever thou 'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee —

Step. Oh, now I see who he laughed at : he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me —

E. Know. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy ?

Step. Yes, a little : I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an I had, coz ? What would you have done ?

Step. By this light, I would have told mine uncle.

E. Know. Nay, if you would have told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed ?

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then —

E. Know. What then ?

Step. I am satisfied ; it is sufficient.

E. Know. Why, be so, gentle coz : and, I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend in the Old Jewry, to come to him ; it is but crossing over the fields to Moorgate. Will you bear me company ? I protest it is not to draw you into bond or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that 's all one an it were ; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you ? I protest —

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

¹ Elizabethan slang for four at dinner.

Step. By my fackings, but I will, by your leave : — I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Know. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me : but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Know. Your turn, coz ! do you know what you say ? A gentleman of your sorts, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk of your turn in this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit !¹ fie ! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour of a strong spirit, and he ! this man ! so graced, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foiled by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter, again a good time,² shows more bright to the world than he ! and he ! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man ! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoaky lawn, or a black cyprus !³ O, coz ! it cannot be answered ; go not about it : Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz ; but hold up your head, so : and let the idea of what you are be portrayed in your face, that men may read in your physnomy, *here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature*, which is all one. What think you of this, coz ?

Step. Why, I do think of it : and I will be more

¹ Water-carriers supplied private houses from conduits.

² *i.e.* preparation for grand display.

³ Linen crape.

proud, and melancholy, and gentlemanlike, than I have been, I'll insure you.

E. Know. Why, that's resolute, master Stephen! — Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a superb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. — Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Know. Follow me! you must go before.

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you shew me, good cousin. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Lane before Cob's House.

Enter MASTER MATHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house: what, ho!

Enter COB.

Cob. Who's there? O, master Mathew! give your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! how dost thou, good Cob? Dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage have kept a poor house here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, monsieur Cobb! what lineage, what lineage?

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man; and yet no man either, by your worship's leave, I did lie in that, but herring, the king of fish (from his belly I proceed), one of the monarchs of the

world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's¹ book. His cob¹ was my great, great, mighty great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty, I pray thee ?

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob.

Mat. How know'st thou that ?

Cob. How know I ! why, I smell his ghost ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost ! O unsavoury jest ! and the ghost of a herring cob ?

Cob. Ay, sir : With favour of your worship's nose, master Mathew, why not the ghost of a herring cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher Bacon ?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I say Rasher Bacon. They were both broiled on the coals ; and a man may smell broiled meat, I hope ! you are a scholar, upsolve me that now.

Mat. O raw ignorance !—Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one captain Bobadill, where his lodging is ?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest ! alas, ha, ha, ha !

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir ? Do you not mean captain Bobadill ?

Mat. Cob, pray thee advise thyself well ; do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house ; he ! he lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house ! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'dst give it him.

Cob. I will not give it him though, sir. Mass, I

¹ Slang terms meaning "herald" and "son."

thought somewhat was in it, we could not get him to bed all night : Well, sir, though he lie not on my bed, he lies on my bench : an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk ?

Cob. Drunk, sir ! you hear not me say so : perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine — Give me my tankard there, ho ! — God be wi' you, sir. It's six o'clock : I should have carried two turns by this. What ho ! my stopple ! come.

Enter TIB with a water-tankard.

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house ! a gentleman of his havings ! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib ; shew this gentleman up to the captain. (*Exit TIB with MASTER MATHEW.*) Oh, an my house were the Brazen-head now ! faith it would e'en speak *Moe fools yet*.¹ You should have somenow would take this Master Mathew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth ; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is (O, my guest is a fine man !), and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house where I serve water, one master Kitely's, in the Old Jewry ; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's

¹ A reference to Greene's " Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay."

sister, Mrs. Bridget, and calls her mistress ; and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading of these same abominable, vile (a pox on 'em ! I cannot abide them), rascally verses, poetrie, poetrie, and speaking of interludes ; 't will make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer, and ti-he at him — Well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh ! There's an oath ! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath ! O, I have a guest — he teaches me — he does swear the legiblest of any man christened : *By St. George ! the foot of Pharaoh ! the body of me ! as I am a gentleman and a soldier !* such dainty oaths ! and withal he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest ! it would do a man good to see the fumes come for that's tonnels. — Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence at a time, besides his lodging : I would I had it ! I shall have it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all,¹ and a louse for the hangman.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cob's House. Bobadill discovered lying on a bench.

Bob. Hostess, hostess !

Enter TIB.

Tib. What say you, sir ?

Bob. A cup of thy small beer, sweet hostess.

¹ Slang for inverted, hence empty, glasses,

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman ! 'odso, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague — what meant he ?

Mat. (*below*) Captain Bobadill !

Bob. Who's there ! — Take away the bason, good hostess ; — Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here !

Enter MATHEW.

Mat. Save you, sir ; save you, captain !

Bob. Gentle master Mathew ! Is it you, sir ? please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain ; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain ?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others. — Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 't is very well.

Bob. Body o' me ! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet ; I was but new risen, as you came ; how passes the day abroad, sir ? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven ; Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private.

Bob. Ay, sir : sit down, I pray you. Master Mathew, in any case possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who ? I, sir ; no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient ; but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir ! I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book have you there ? What ! Go by, Hieronymo ?¹

Mat. Ay : did you ever see it acted ? Is 't not well penned ?

Bob. Well penned ! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was : they 'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

[*While Master Mathew reads, Bobadill makes himself ready.*]

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book. *O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears ! there's a conceit ! fountains fraught with tears ! O life, no life, but lively form of death ! another. O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs ! a third. Confused and fill'd with murder and misdeeds ! a fourth. O, the muses ! Is't not*

¹ A phrase in the *Spanish Tragedy* — "the trade joke of the dramatists" — a source of much slang of the day. Jonson never wearies of satirizing Kyd. The italics following are from the same play, Act III.

excellent. Is 't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain ? Ha ! how do you like it ?

Bob. 'T is good.

Mat. *To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste : thus mildly I conclude.*

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where 's this ?

Mat. This, sir ! a toy of mine own, in my non-age ; the infancy of my muses. But when will you come and see my study ? good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late. — That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so ; it 's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak of the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly : This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentlemanlike : yet he condemned, and cried it down for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was 't not ?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook ! he ! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse : By St. George, I wonder you 'd lose a thought upon such an animal ; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed with his like. By

his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay ; he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs : a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes : he brags he will give me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How ! he the bastinado ! how came he by that word, trow ?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me ; I termed it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be : for I was sure it was none of his word ; but when, when said he so ?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say ; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, and 't were my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado ! a most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza.¹ Come hither, you shall chartel him ; I 'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure ; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge in the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom, of whom, have you heard it, I beseech you ?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

Bob. By heaven, no, not I ; no skill in the earth ; some small rudiments in the science, as to know my

¹ Jerome Caranza, author of the *Philosophy of Arms*, a book on the etiquette of duels.

time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you. — Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. Lend us another bed-staff—the woman does not understand the words of action. — Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus:—give it the gentleman, and leave us. (*Exit TIB.*) So, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentlemanlike guard; so! indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—oh, you disorder your point most irregularly.

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. Oh, out of measure ill: a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir,—make a thrust at me — (*MASTER MATHEW pushes at BOBADILL*) come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body: The best-practised gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it.

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie; the most gross denomination as ever I heard: O, the stoccata, while you live, sir; note that. — Come, put on your cloke, and we'll go to

some private place where you are acquainted ; some tavern, or so — and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction ; and then I will teach you your trick : you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point in the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 't were nothing, by this hand ! you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail shot, and spread. What money have you about you, master Mathew ?

Mat. Faith, I have not past a shilling or so.

Bob. 'T is somewhat with the least ; but come ; we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach : and then we'll call upon young Wellbred : perhaps we shall meet the Corydon¹ his brother there, and put him to the question.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Old Jewry. A Hall in Kitely's House.

Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWNRIGHT.

Kit. Thomas, come hither.

There lies a note within upon my desk ;
Here take my key : it is no matter neither. —
Where is the boy ?

¹ A country bumpkin — a name taken from pastoral poetry. The reference is to Downright, brother of Wellbred.

Cash. Within, sir, in the warehouse.

Kit. Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight.¹ Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Master Lucar : tell him, if he will,
He shall have the grograns, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.

Cash. Good, sir. [Exit.

Kit. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright ?

Dow. Ay, what of him ?

Kit. He is a jewel, brother.

I took him of a child up at my door,
And christen'd him, gave him mine own name,
Thomas :

Since bred him at the Hospital ;² where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash :
And find him in his place so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother : what is 't, what is 't ?

Kit. Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience :
But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection —

Dow. What need this circumstance ?³ pray you,
be direct.

Kit. I will not say how much I do ascribe

¹ Value of 8s. 6d.

² Christ's Hospital, the "Blue Coat School."

³ Beating about the bush.

Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love ; but let my past behaviour,
And usage of your sister, [both] confirm
How well I have been affected to your —

Dow. You are too tedious ; come to the matter,
the matter.

Kit. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declined in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him :
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
And what was chief, it show'd not borrow'd in him,
But all he did became him as his own,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest,
As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,
And he himself withal so far fallen off
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell men's judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends ; and not content
To stale himself in all societies,
He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle
For giddy humour, and deceased riot ;
And here, as in a tavern or a stews,
He and his wild associates spend their hours,
In repetition of lascivious jests,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Control my servants ; and, indeed, what not ?

Dow. 'Sdeins, I know not what I should say to him, in the whole world! He values me at a crack'd three-farthings, for aught I see. It will never out of the flesh that's bred in the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve; but counsel to him is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well! he knows what to trust to, for George: let him spend, and spend, and domineer, till his heart ake; an he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the counters,¹ he has the wrong sow by the ear, i' faith; and claps his dish at the wrong man's door: I'll lay my hand on my halfpenny, ere I part with it to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? why do you not speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade me. But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it (Though but with plain and easy circumstance), It would both come much better to his sense, And savour less of stomach, or of passion. You are his elder brother, and that title Both gives and warrants your authority, Which, by your presence seconded, must breed A kind of duty in him, and regard: Whereas, if I should intimate the least, It would but add contempt to his neglect, Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred, That in the rearing would come tottering down, And in the ruin bury all our love.

¹ The London prisons.

Nay, more than this, brother ; if I should speak,
 He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
 And overflowing of the vapour in him,
 To blow the ears of his familiars
 With the false breath of telling what disgraces,
 And low disparagements, I had put upon him.
 Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
 Make their loose comments upon every word,
 Gesture, or look, I use ; mock me all over,
 From my flat cap unto my shining shoes ;¹
 And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
 Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.
 And what would that be, think you ? marry, this :
 They would give out, because my wife is fair,
 Myself but lately married, and my sister
 Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
 That I were jealous ! — nay, as sure as death,
 That they would say : and, how that I had quarrell'd
 My brother purposely, thereby to find
 An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so ; they're like enough to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it ; so should I,
 Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,
 But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
 And try experiments upon myself ;
 Lend scorn and envy opportunity
 To stab my reputation and good name —

Enter MASTER MATHEW *struggling with* BOBADILL.

Mat. I will speak to him.

Bob. Speak to him ! away ! By the foot of Pharaoh, you shall not ! you shall not do him that grace.

¹ Signs of the merchant in contrast to the gallant.

—The time of day to you, gentleman o' the house.
Is Master Wellbred stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he within, sir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? you!

Bob. The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me;
I'll talk to no scavenger.

[*Exeunt BOBADILL and MATHEW.*]

Dow. How! scavenger! stay, sir, stay!

Kit. Nay, Brother Downright.

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, an you love me.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not; I will overrule you.

Dow. Ha! scavenger! well, go to, I say little: but, by this good day (God forgive me I should swear), if I put it up so, say I am the rankest cow that ever pist. 'Sdeins, an I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again while I live; I'll sit in a barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger! heart!—and I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop¹ of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck: your Garagantua breech¹ cannot carry it away so.

Kit. Oh, do not fret yourself thus: never think on 't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these! these are his camerades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, an I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin

¹ Puffed breeches were fashionable, and of course Bobadill wore them.

with him first. I am grieved it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses: Well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet he shall hear on 't, and that tightly too, an I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension, then,
Run in an easy current, not o'er high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently, and compose
The imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim;
More winning, than enforcing the consent.

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Kit. How now! (*Bell rings.*) Oh, the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife company till I come; I'll but give order for some despatch of business to my servants.

[*Exit* DOWNRIGHT.

Enter COB, with his tankard.

Kit. What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back, i' faith, for coming so late this morning.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody have not them by the belly, for walking so late in the evening. [*Exit.*

Kit. Well; yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eased,
Though not reposed in that security
As I could wish: but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on 't to the world.
Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
So Wellbred had ne'er lodged within my house.
Why 't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.

Is 't like, that factious beauty will preserve
 The public weal of chastity unshaken,
 When such strong motives muster, and make head
 Against her single peace? No, no: beware.
 When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
 And spirits of one kind and quality
 Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
 It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
 Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
 Had answer'd their affections, all the world
 Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
 Marry, I hope they have not got that start;
 For opportunity hath balk'd them yet,
 And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
 To attend the impositions of my heart.
 My presence shall be as an iron bar,
 'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
 Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects
 Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
 When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter DAME KITELY and BRIDGET.

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the
 rose-water, above in the closet. [*Exit BRIDGET.*

— Sweet-heart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kit. An she have overheard me now!—

Dame K. I pray thee, good muss, we stay for you.

Kit. By heaven, I would not for a thousand angels.¹

Dame K. What ails you, sweet-heart? are you not
 well? speak, good muss.

Kit. Troth my head akes extremely on a sudden.

Dame K. (*putting her hand to his forehead.*) O,
 the Lord!

¹ Coins of about 10s. value.

Kit. How now! What?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth it is this new disease,¹ there's a number are troubled withal. For love's sake, sweet-heart, come in, out of the air.

Kit. How simple, and how subtle are her answers! A new disease, and many troubled with it?

Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweet-heart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. The air! she has me in the wind. — Sweet-heart, I'll come to you presently; 't will away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray Heaven it do. [Exit.]

Kit. A new disease! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgment; and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memory:
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a subtle vapour spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah! but what misery is it to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection
In such extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me. [Exit.]

¹ A febrile epidemic, so called for a long time. It was the cause of Prince Henry's death.

SCENE II.

*Moorfields.*¹*Enter BRAINWORM, disguised like a maimed Soldier.*

Brai. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace: and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us: so much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, dry-foot, over Moorfields¹ to London, this morning; now, I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that are blue waiters,² and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear motley at the year's end, and who wears motley, you know), have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purse, and his hat, nay, anything to cut him off, that is to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with captain Cæsar, I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now I must practise to get the true garb of one of these lance-knights,³ my arm here, and my — Odso! my young master, and his cousin, master Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier!

¹ Moorfields was then a general resort for vagrants of all sorts.

² Servants' liveries were blue.

³ An inferior officer in command of ten foot-soldiers,

Enter E. KNOWELL and STEPHEN.

E. Know. So, sir! and how then, coz?

Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Know. How! lost your purse? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell; stay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me: would I could get by them!

E. Know. What, have you it?

Step. No; I think I was bewitched, I — [*Cries.*

E. Know. Nay, do not weep the loss: hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here: No, an it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring mistress Mary sent me.

E. Know. A jet ring! O the poesie, the poesie?

Step. Fine, i' faith: —

Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep.

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Know. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my poesie was: —

The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.

E. Know. How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Know. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he help'd you at your need; thank him, thank him.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture, come what will. (*Comes forward.*) Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, one that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a refuge; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence, than live with shame: however, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself; this condition agrees not with my spirit —

E. Know. Where hast thou served?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungary, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave in the gallies, thrice; where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs; and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though! I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Know. Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scab-

bard, coz, that's flat; I'd not wear it, as it is, an you would give me an angel.

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay, 't is a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a silver hilt —

E. Know. Come, come, you shall not buy it: hold, there's a shilling, fellow; take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be out-bidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom,¹ and may have a rapier for money!

E. Know. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will: I have a mind to 't, because 't is a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Know. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 't is worth.

E. Know. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of Moorfields.

Enter KNOWELL.

Know. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter,
Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire the change

¹ Nicholson says: — "Probably the seditious disturber on the Earl of Shrewsbury's estates."

Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
 Within the kingdom, since myself was one. —
 When I was young, he lived not in the stews
 Durst have conceived a scorn, and utter'd it,
 On a gray head ; age was authority
 Against a buffoon, and a man had then
 A certain reverence paid unto his years,
 That had none due unto his life : so much
 The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.
 But now we all are fallen ; youth, from their fear,
 And age, from that which bred it, good example.
 Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,
 That did destroy the hopes in our own children ;
 Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles,
 And suck'd in our ill customs with their milk ;
 Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
 We make their palates cunning ; the first words
 We form their tongues with, are licentious jests :
 Can it call whore ? cry bastard ? O, then, kiss it !
 A witty child ! can 't swear ? the father's darling !
 Give it two plums. Nay, rather than 't shall learn
 No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it ! —
 But this is in the infancy, the days
 Of the long coat ; when it puts on the breeches,
 It will put off all this : Ay, it is like,
 When it is gone into the bone already !
 No, no ; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
 Or shirt, or skin ; it stains into the liver,¹
 And heart, in some : and, rather than it should not,
 Note what we fathers do ! look how we live !
 What mistresses we keep ! at what expense,
 In our sons' eyes ! where they may handle our gifts,

¹ The liver was supposed to be the seat of lust ; the heart, of knowledge.

Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,
 Taste of the same provoking meats with us,
 To ruin of our states ! Nay, when our own
 Portion is fled, to prey on the remainder,
 We call them into fellowship of vice ;
 Bait 'em with the young chamber-maid, to seal,
 And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction.
 This is one path : but there are millions more,
 In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
 Well, I thank heaven, I never yet was he
 That travell'd with my son, before sixteen,
 To shew him the Venetian courtezans ;
 Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
 To my sharp boy, at twelve ; repeating still
 The rule, *Get money ; still, get money, boy ;*
No matter by what means ; money will do
More, boy, than my lord's letter. Neither have I
 Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
 Perfumed my sauces, and taught him how to make
 them ;

Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,
 At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd
 His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
 These are the trade of fathers now ; however,
 My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
 None of these household precedents, which are
 strong,
 And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
 But let the house at home be ne'er so clean
 Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and cobwebs,
 If he will live abroad with his companions,
 In dung and leystals, it is worth a fear ;
 Nor is the danger of conversing less
 Than all that I have mention'd of example.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

Brai. My master ! nay, faith, have at you ; I am flesh'd now, I have sped so well (*aside*). Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier ; I am ashamed of this base course of life, — God's my comfort — but extremity provokes me to 't : what remedy ?

Know. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been : a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Know. Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value : the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful : Sweet worship —

Know. Nay, an you be so importunate —

Brai. Oh, tender sir ! need will have its course : I was not made to this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much : it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus (*weeps*). Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper ; I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else : Sweet honour —

Know. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,

Be so degenerate, and sordid-base.
 Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg,
 To practise such a servile kind of life?
 Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
 Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
 Offer themselves to thy election.
 Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
 Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
 Or honest labour; nay, what can I name,
 But would become thee better than to beg:
 But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
 As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
 Nor caring how the metal of your minds
 Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
 Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
 Relieve a person of thy quality,
 While thou insist'st in this loose desperate course,
 I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so —

Know. Ay,
 You'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? in the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days; but — and for service, would it were as soon purchased, as wished for! the air's my comfort. — (*Sighs*) I know what I would say.

Know. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Know. Fitz-Sword!

Say that a man should entertain thee now,
 Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier —

Know. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths; speak plainly, man, what think'st thou of my words?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy as my service should be honest.

Know. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds

Will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*

Brai. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose. Oh that my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus! now shall I be possest of all his counsels; and, by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty; faith, and I'm resolved to prove his patience: Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end¹ for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his journey: well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed! [*Exit.*

¹ Mile-end was the training ground of the city bands.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*The Old Jewry.**A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter MASTER MATHEW, WELLBRED, *and*
BOBADILL.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Downright?

Bob. He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a —

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part —

Wel. Good captain, “faces about”¹ to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Wel. Oh, master Mathew, that’s a grace peculiar but to a few, *quos æquus amavit Jupiter*.²

¹ A direction in military drill.

² “Whom impartial Jove has loved.”

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question, you do, — or do you not, sir.

Enter E. KNOWELL and MASTER STEPHEN.

Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome: how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls¹ the better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury; now, I see there's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay, what a drowsy humour is this now! why dost thou not speak?

E. Know. Oh, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

Wel. Why, was 't not rare?

E. Know. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus's epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camel it was, that had the carriage of it; for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Wel. Why?

E. Know. Why, say'st thou! why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mistaken my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Know. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on 't, now: but I'll assure you, my father had the full view of your flourishing style some hour before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this! but, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

¹ The muses.

E. Know. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

E. Know. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I — a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut! that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 't will change shortly: but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in them if thou hear'st 'em once go; my wind-instruments; I'll wind them up — But what strange piece of silence is this, the sign of the Dumb Man?

E. Know. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please; he has his humour, sir.

Wel. Oh, what is 't, what is 't?

E. Know. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension: I'll leave him to the mercy of your search; if you can take him, so!

Wel. Well, captain Bobadill, master Mathew, pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir (*to STEPHEN*), but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Steph. My name is Master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir: I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Master Wellbred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please), I do communi-

cate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts ; I love few words.

E. Know. And I fewer, sir ; I have scarce enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir : your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, diver times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper, presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Know. Sure he utters them then by the gross. (*Aside.*)

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. Know. I' faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold I warrant you ; have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

Wel. Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst them ! I might see self-love burnt for her heresy. (*Aside.*)

Step. Cousin, is it well ? am I melancholy enough ?

E. Know. Oh ay, excellent.

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so ?

E. Know. He is melancholy, too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honoura-

ble piece of service, was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

E. Know. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium,¹ where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of—what do you call it?² last year, by the Genoways;³ but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier!

Step. So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

E. Know. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

Bob. O lord, sir! By St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

E. Know. 'T was pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i' faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do.

Bob. O assure you, upon my reputation, 't is true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Know. You must bring me to the rack, first. (*Aside.*)

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir; they had

¹ Gran, in Hungary, taken from the Turks, 1596.

² In quarto, Tartosa. As a preposterous piece of affectation, Jonson makes Bobadill pretend to forget.

³ Genoese.

planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think), confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put them pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. Know. Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir: but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. (*Shews his rapier.*) It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay,¹ Excalibur,¹ Durindana,¹ or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I marle whether it be a Toledo or no.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.

Bob. This a Toledo! Pish!

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. Know. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, master Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier: a hundred of lice go with him! He swore it was a Toledo.

¹ The swords of Sir Bevis of Southampton, King Arthur, and Orlando.

Bob. A poor provant¹ rapier, no better.

Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on 't better.

E. Know. Nay, the longer you look on 't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it—an e'er I meet him—

Wel. O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

Step. Whoreson, coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Know. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach! would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.²

Wel. It 's better as it is.—Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

E. Know. A miracle, cousin; look here, look here!

Step. Oh—'Od's lid. By your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brai. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brai. Yes, marry did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brai. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, sir, I confess it; it is none.

¹ Obtained from a sutler.

² *i.e.* to thrash him.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confest it:—'Od's will, an you had not confest it—

E. Know. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear!

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confest it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see.

E. Know. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour: a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Know. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brai. Shall I intreat a word with you?

E. Know. With me, sir? you have not another Toledo to sell, have you?

Brai. You are conceited, sir: Your name is Master Knowell, as I take it?

E. Know. You are in the right; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brai. No, sir; I am none of that coat.

E. Know. Of as bare a coat, though: well, say sir.

Brai. (*taking E. KNOWELL aside*). Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary,¹ and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brainworm.

¹ Presumably a reference to the old interlude, *Jack Drum's Entertainment*. *Jack* is a rascally servant.

E. Know. Brainworm ! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape ?

Brai. The breath of your letter, sir, this morning ; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Know. My father !

Brai. Nay, never start, 't is true ; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare in the snow.

E. Know. Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah ? my father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father ! Where is he ?

Brai. At justice Clement's house, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return ; and then —

Wel. Who 's this ? Brainworm !

Brai. The same, sir.

Well. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus ?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device ; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding danger, stand not here ; withdraw, and I 'll tell you all.

Wel. But thou art sure he will stay thy return ?

Brai. Do I live, sir ? what a question is that !

Wel. We 'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little : Brainworm, thou shalt go with us. — Come on, gentlemen. — Nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not ; 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en prest to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom-house key, in a civil war against the carmen !

Brai. Amen, amen, amen, say I. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*The Old Jewry. Kitely's Warehouse.**Enter KITELY and CASH.*

Kit. What says he, Thomas ? did you speak with him ?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell ?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kit. O, that is well ; fetch me my cloak, my cloak!—

[*Exit CASH.*

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come ;
 Ay, that will be the least ; and then 't will be
 An hour before I can dispatch with him,
 Or very near ; well, I will say two hours.
 Two hours ! ha ! things never dreamt of yet,
 May be contrived, ay, and effected too,
 In two hours' absence ; well, I will not go.
 Two hours ! No, fleeing Opportunity,
 I will not give your subtilty that scope.
 Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
 That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
 And shews the felon where his treasure lies ?
 Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt
 To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
 When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes ?
 I will not go. Business, *go by* for once.
 No, beauty, no ; you are of too good caract,
 To be left so, without a guard, or open.
 Your lustre, too, 'll inflame at any distance,
 Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws ;
 Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,

Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden.
 You must be then kept up, close, and well watch'd,
 For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand
 Devours or swallows swifter ! He that lends
 His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,
 Compels her to be false. I will not go !
 The dangers are too many : — and then the dressing
 Is a most main attractive ! Our great heads
 Within this city never were in safety
 Since our wives wore these little caps : ¹ I'll change 'em ;
 I'll change em straight in mine : mine shall no more
 Wear three-piled acorns, to make my horns ake.
 Nor will I go ; I am resolved for that.

Reënter CASH with a cloak.

Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do, too :
 I will defer going, on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with
 the bonds.

Kit. That's true : fool on me ! I had clean forgot
 it ; I must go. What's a clock ?

Cash. Exchange-time,² sir.

Kit. 'Heart, then will Wellbred presently be here
 too,

With one or other of his loose consorts.
 I am a knave, if I know what to say,
 What course to take, or which way to resolve.
 My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
 Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
 Filling up time ; but then are turn'd and turn'd :
 So that I know not what to stay upon,

¹ Fashionable women wore small velvet caps.

² That is, ten o'clock.

And less, to put in act. — It shall be so.
 Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
 He knows not to deceive me. — Thomas !

Cash. Sir.

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not.
 — Thomas, is Cob within ?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of him.
 No, there were no man on the earth to Thomas,
 If I durst trust him ; there is all the doubt.
 But should he have a clink in him, I were gone.
 Lost in my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange !
 The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
 Doth promise no such change : what should I fear
 then ?

Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.
 Thomas — you may deceive me, but, I hope —
 Your love to me is more —

Cash. Sir, if a servant's
 Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
 More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kit. I thank you heartily, Thomas : give me your
 hand :

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
 A secret to impart unto you — but,
 When once you have it, I must seal your lips up ;
 So far I tell you, Thomas.

Cash. Sir, for that —

Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you,
 Thomas,

When I will let you in thus to my private.
 It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
 Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas ; if thou should'st
 Reveal it, but —

Cash. How, I reveal it ?

Kit. Nay,

I do not think thou would'st ; but if thou should'st,
'T were a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery :

Give it no other name.

Kit. Thou wilt not do 't, then ?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever !

Kit. He will not swear, he has some reservation,
Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning sure ;
Else, being urg'd so much, how should he choose
But lend an oath to all this protestation ?
He 's no precisian, that I 'm certain of,
Nor rigid Roman Catholic : he 'll play
At fayles, and tick-tack ; I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it ? urge him again,
And by some other way ! I will do so.
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose : —
Yes, you did swear ?

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you —

Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good ;
I am resolv'd without it ; at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kit. It is too much ; these ceremonies need not :
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near ; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is, —
Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture. (*Aside.*)
I have of late, by divers observations —
But whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,

Being not taken lawfully ? ha ! say you ?

I will ask council ere I do proceed : — (*aside*).

Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,

I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kit. I will think : — and, Thomas,

I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,

For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Cash. I will, sir.

Kit. And hear you, if your mistress's brother,
Wellbred,

Chance to bring hither any gentleman,

Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.

Cash. Very well, sir.

Kit. To the Exchange, do you hear ?

Or here in Coleman-street, to justice Clement's.

Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.

Cash. I will not, sir.

Kit. I pray you have a care on 't.

Or, whether he come or no, if any other,

Stranger, or else ; fail not to send me word.

Cash. I shall not, sir.

Kit. Be it your special business

Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.

Kit. But Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,
I told you of.

Cash. No, sir ; I do suppose it.

Kit. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kit. By heaven it is not, that 's enough : but,
Thomas,

I would not you should utter it, do you see,

To any creature living ; yet I care not.

Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much ;
 It was a trial of you, when I meant
 So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
 But that I have to tell you ; this is nothing, this.
 But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,
 Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here. —
 No greater hell than to be slave to fear. *[Exit.]*

Cash. *Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here !*
 Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take
 head ? ha !

Best dream no longer of this running humour,
 For fear I sink ; the violence of the stream
 Already hath transported me so far,
 That I can feel no ground at all : but soft —
 Oh, 'tis our water-bearer : somewhat has crost him
 now.

Enter COB, hastily.

Cob. Fasting-days ! what tell you me of fasting-days ? 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me ! they say the whole world shall be consumed with fire one day, but would I had these Ember-weeks and villanous Fridays burnt in the mean time, and then —

Cash. Why, how now, Cob ? what moves thee to this choler, ha ?

Cob. Collar, master Thomas ! I scorn your collar, I, sir ; I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water. An you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I may hap shew you a jade's trick, sir.

Cash. O, you 'll slip your head out of the collar ? why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir.

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob! thy humour, thy humour — thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humour! mack, I think it be so indeed; what is that humour? some rare thing, I warrant.

Cash. Marry I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

Cob. How! must it be fed?

Cash. Oh ay, humour is nothing if it be not fed: didst thou never hear that? it's a common phrase, *feed my humour*.

Cob. I'll none on it: humour, avaunt! I know you not, be gone! let who will make hungry meals for your monstership, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'slid, I have much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days too; an't had been any other day but a fasting-day — a plague on them all for me! By this light, one might have done the common-wealth good service, and have drown'd them all in the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach them hugely. I have a maw now, and 't were for Sir Bevis his horse,¹ against them.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man out of love with 'em, I think; their bad conditions, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on 't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

¹ Arundel, quite as famous as master and sword above referred to.

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 't were something ; but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack ; poor cobs ! they smoak for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion : and your maids to know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own flesh and blood. My princely coz (*pulls out a red herring*), fear nothing ; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as king Cophetua.¹ I that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt-water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand thousand of my kin ! But I may curse none but these filthy almanacks ; for an 't were not for them, these days of persecution would never be known. I 'll be hang'd an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em, and puts in more fasting-days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish² and stinking conger.

Cash. 'Slight peace ! thou 'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else : here 's master Mathew.

Enter WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, BRAINWORM,
MATHEW, BOBADILL, *and* STEPHEN.

Now must I look out for a messenger to my master.

[*Exit with* COB.]

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried !

E. Know. Ay, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not ?

Wel. Yes, faith ; but was it possible thou shouldst

¹ The African king who married the beggar-maid, Penelophon.

² Stock-fish must be beaten before being cooked.

not know him? I forgive master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Know. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been join'd patten with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round;¹ such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. Into the likeness of one of these reformados² had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been sergeant-major, if not lieutenant-colonel to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Know. An artificer! an architect. Except a man had studied begging all his life time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the cloathing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I marle?

Brai. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for *A crafty knave needs no broker.*³

¹ Officers of low rank.

² Disbanded soldiers.

³ This is found in John Ray's *Collection of English Proverbs*, published in 1670.

Brai. True, sir; but I did *need a broker, ergo*—

Wel. Well put off:—*no crafty knave*, you'll say.

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten, sir.

Reënter CASH.

Cash. Francis! Martin! ne'er a one to be found now? what a spite's this!

Wel. How now, Thomas? Is my brother Kately within?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but master Downright is within.—Cob! what, Cob! Is he gone too?

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not: to justice Clement's, I think, sir—Cob! [Exit.

E. Know. Justice Clement! what's he?

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city-magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I shewed him you the other day.

E. Know. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he is a very strange presence methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests in the University. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God; any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Reënter CASH.

Cash. Gasper ! Martin ! Cob ! 'Heart, where should they be, trow ?

Bob. Master Kitley's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match ! no time but now to vouchsafe ? — Francis ! Cob ! [Exit.

Bob. Body o' me ! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado :¹ did you never take any, master Stephen ?

Step. No, truly, sir ; but I 'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only : therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind ; so, it makes an antidote, that, had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound,—your Balsamum and your St. John's wort, are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado : your Nicotian² is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw

¹ Tobacco from Trinidad was famous.

² A tobacco first sent to France by Nicot, ambassador to Portugal.

humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind ; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much ; by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. Know. This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Reënter CASH with COB.

Cash. At justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, oh !

Bob. Where 's the match I gave thee, master Kitley's man ?

Cash. Would his match and he, and pipe and all, were at Sancto Domingo ! I had forgot it. [*Exit.*]

Cob. 'Od's me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers : there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight ; one of them, they say, will never scape it ; he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe : why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it ; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.

[*Bobadill beats him.*]

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold !

Bob. You base cullion, you !

Reënter CASH.

Cash. Sir, here 's your match. Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou 'rt well enough served.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

Bob. Do you prate, do you murmur?

E. Know. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool? Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away.

[Exit CASH with COB.]

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir!

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. Oh, he swears most admirably! By Pharaoh's foot! Body o' Cæsar!—I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honour, and by St. George!—No, I have not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk.¹

Step. None, I thank you, sir. O, this gentleman does it rarely too: but nothing like the other. By this air! (*Practises at the post.*) As I am a gentleman! By— *[Exeunt BOBADILL and MATHEW.]*

Brai. (*pointing to MASTER STEPHEN.*) Master, glance, glance! master Wellbred!

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest—

Wel. You are a fool; it needs no affidavit.

¹ The common phrase of the day for smoking.

E. Know. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation —

E. Know. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed —

Wel. No, master Stephen! As I remember, your name is entered in the artillery-garden.

Step. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a soldier, by that?

E. Know. O yes, that you may; it is all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is 'divine tobacco!'

Wel. But soft, where's master Mathew? Gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O let's follow them: master Mathew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfinished. — Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

E. Know. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Know. 'T is larded with them; a kind of French dressing, if you love it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Coleman-street. A Room in JUSTICE CLEMENT'S House.

Enter KITELY and COB.

Kit. Ha! how many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, master Wellbred —

Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass, I know not well, there are so many.

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kit. A swarm, a swarm!

Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide and large! But, Cob,
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste.
Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rank'd in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What! never sigh;
Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:
'T is done, 't is done! Nay, when such flowing-store,
Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap,
The cornucopiæ will be mine, I know. —
But, Cob,

What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome: ha?
Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word
of it.

Kit. No;
Their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice,
Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state and faculty. —
Cob.

Which of them was it that first kiss'd my wife,
My sister, I should say? — My wife, alas!
I fear not her: ha! who was it say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kit. Oh, ay, good *Cob*, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bride-
well than your worship's company, if I saw any body
to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the post¹
in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them
all at their tobacco, with a pox!

Kit. How! were they not gone in then ere thou
cam'st?

Cob. O no, sir.

Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then?
Cob. follow me. [*Exit.*

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit;²
I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for some five and
fifty reasons, hammering, hammering revenge: oh for
three or four gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my wits!
Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard re-
venge! Nay, an he had not lien in my house, 't would
never have grieved me; but being my guest, one that,
I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock off her

¹ A slang phrase meaning to be cut out of one's dinner.

² Slang for "business to do."

back, while his own shirt has been at washing; pawned her neck-kerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for 't: here comes justice Clement.

Enter JUSTICE CLEMENT, KNOWELL, *and* FORMAL.

Clem. What's master Kitley gone, Roger?

Form. Ay, sir.

Clem. 'Heart o' me! what made him leave us so abruptly? — How now, sirrah! what make you here? what would you have, ha?

Cob. An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbour of your worship's —

Clem. A poor neighbour of mine! Why, speak, poor neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice: ¹ I have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years.

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish: Marry, I have seldom scaped scot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well; what business has my poor neighbour with me?

Cob. An't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship.

Clem. Of me, knave! Peace of me, knave! Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha?

Cob. No, sir; but your worship's warrant for one that has wrong'd me, sir: his arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of

¹ A tavern.

peace, an my credit could compass it with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for 't, I am sure.

Know. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend?

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a twelvemonth and a day,¹ I may swear by the law of the land that he killed me.

Clem. How, how, knave, swear he killed thee, and by the law? What pretence, what colour hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an 't please your worship, both black and blue; colour enough, I warrant you. I have it here to shew your worship.

Clem. What is he that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says, he is, of the city here.

Clem. A soldier of the city! What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an 't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by them when they were taking on 't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

¹ The charge of murder could not be made if a longer time elapsed.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear master justice!

Clem. 'Sprecious! an such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done: away with him!

Cob. O, good master justice! Sweet old gentleman! (*to KNOWELL*).

Know. 'Sweet Oliver,' would I could do thee any good! — justice Clement, let me intreat you, sir.

Clem. What! a thread-bare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers! — Roger, away with him? 'Od's precious — I say, go to.

Cob. Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserved it: but not the prison, I beseech you.

Know. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant: — he shall not go, I but fear ¹ the knave.

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go; my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship!

Clem. Away, dispatch him. (*Exeunt FORMAL and COB.*) How now, master Knowell, in dumps, in dumps! Come, this becomes not.

Know. Sir, would I could not feel my cares.

¹ Cause him to fear.

Clem. Your cares are nothing: they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What! your son is old enough to govern himself: let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason; you had reason to take care: but, being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack.¹ Come, come, let's try it: I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in KITELY'S House.

Enter DOWNRIGHT and DAME KITELY.

Dow. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings them in here; they are his friends.

Dow. His friends! his friends. 'Slud! they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of them: an 't were not more for your husband's sake than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em; they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by

¹ A white wine.

God's will, 't is nobody's fault but yours; for an you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should have come in, e'er a one of them.

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patien'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.

Enter MISTRESS BRIDGET, MASTER MATHEW, and BOBADILL; followed, at a distance, by WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM.

Brid. Servant, in troth you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Dow. Hoy-day, here is stuff!

Wel. O, now stand close; pray Heaven, she can get him to read! he should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy —

Dow. To mock an ape withal!¹ O, I could sew up his mouth, now.

Dame K. Sister, I pray you let 's hear it.

Dow. Are you rhyme-given too?

Mat. Mistress, I 'll read it if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Dow. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better. *[Exit.*

¹ A proverb meaning to deceive a simpleton.

E. Know. What ails thy brother? can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?

Wel. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bagpipe; but mark; you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour; I know not how it is; but please you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a — pray you, sir, you can judge?

Steph. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. Know. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Bob. Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister: fie! while you live avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir, well; *incipere dulce*.¹

E. Know. How, *insipere dulce*! a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed!

Wel. What, do you take *incipere* in that sense?

E. Know. You do not, you! This was your villainy, to gull him with a motte.

Wel. O, the benchers'² phrase: *pauca verba, pauca verba*!

Mat. Rare creature, let me speak without offence,³
Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

E. Know. This is Hero and Leander.

Wel. O, ay: peace, we shall have more of this.

¹ "It is pleasant to begin."

² Benchers were tavern frequenters.

³ The lines are in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1 Sestiad; IV., 1. Verbal alterations have been made.

Mat. Be not unkind and fair: misshapen stuff
Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.

Wel. How like you that, sir?

[MASTER STEPHEN shakes his head.

E. Know. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle,
to feel an there be any brain in it.

Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:
And I in duty will exceed all other,
As you in beauty excel Love's mother.

E. Know. Well, I'll have him free of the wit-
brokers, for he utters nothing but stolen remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Know. A filching rogue, hang him! — and from
the dead! it's worse than sacrilege.

WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, and MASTER STEPHEN
come forward.

Wel. Sister, what have you here, verses? pray you
let's see: who made these verses? they are excellent
good.

Mat. O, Master Wellbred, 't is your disposition to
say so, sir. They were good in the morning: I made
them *ex tempore* this morning.

Wel. How! *ex tempore*?

Mat. Ay, would I might be hanged else; ask cap-
tain Bobadill: he saw me write them, at the — pox
on it! — the Star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars
so?

E. Know. Faith, his are even with him; they
have curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's
verses?

E. Know. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Body o' Cæsar, they are admirable! the best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier!

Reënter DOWNRIGHT.

Dow. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still: 'Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomiums and devices; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit, that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drowned over head and ears in the deep well of desire: Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Dow. O monster! impudence itself! tricks!

Dame K. Tricks, brother! what tricks?

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you what tricks?

Dame K. Ay, never spare any body here; but say, what tricks.

Brid. Passion of my heart, do tricks!

Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied!¹ Why, you monkeys, you, what a cater-wauling do you keep! has he not given you rhymes and verses and tricks?

Dow. O, the fiend!

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant; you'll be begg'd else shortly for a concealment:² go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the book

¹ Betted on, over and over again.

² Religious lands and houses kept without authority.

he had it out of cost him a teston at least. How now, gallants! Master Mathew! Captain! what, all sons of silence, no spirit?

Dow. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss; this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now; whose cow has calved?¹

Dow. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, sir; you and your companions mend yourselves when I have done.

Wel. My companions!

Dow. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your hang-byes here. You must have your poets and your potlings, your soldados and foolados to follow you up and down the city; and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer,² and slops³ your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Dow. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

[They all draw.]

Dame K. O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas!

Enter CASH and some of the house to part them.

E. Know. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I

1 "Who's bragging now?"

2 Mathew.

3 Bobadill.

will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heaven! nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him. [*Offer to fight again, and are parted.*]

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Dow. You whoreson, bragging coystril!

Enter KITELY.

Kit. Why, how now! what's the matter, what's the stir here?

Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where is he?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:

My wife and sister, they are the cause of this.

What, Thomas! where is the knave?

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go: this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour.

[*Exeunt* WELLBRED, STEPHEN, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, and BRAINWORM.]

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

Dow. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes: and songs and sonnets,¹ his fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour: and you know My brother Wellbred's temper will not bear Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence,

¹ Common name at that time for any sort of poem.

Where every slight disgrace he should receive
Might wound him in opinion and respect.

Dow. Respect! what talk you of respect among
such, as have no spark of manhood, nor good man-
ners? 'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you! respect!

[*Exit.*]

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demeaned himself.

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine! I would it were no worse,
brother;

You 'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seem'd to be a gentleman of a
very exceeding fair disposition, and of excellent good
parts. [*Exeunt DAME KITELY and BRIDGET.*]

Kit. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion.

Fair disposition! excellent good parts!

Death! these phrases are intolerable.

Good parts! how should she know his parts?

His parts! Well, well, well, well, well, well;

It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come hither.

What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress and your sister —

Kit. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kit. What gentleman was that they praised so,
Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Knowell, a hand-
some young gentleman, sir.

Kit. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much:
I 'll die, but they have hid him in the house,

Somewhere, I'll go and search; go with me, Thomas :
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Lane before Cob's House.

Enter COB.

Cob (knocks at the door). What, Tib! Tib, I say!

Tib. (within). How now, what cuckold is that
knocks so hard?

Enter TIB.

Tib. O, husband! is it you? What's the news?

Cob. Nay, you have stunn'd me, i' faith: you have
given me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me.
Cuckold! 'Slid, cuckold!

Tib. Away, you fool! did I know it was you that
knocked? Come, come, you may call me as bad when
you list.

Cob. May I? Tib, you are a whore.

Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie! and in my throat too! do you
long to be stabb'd, ha?

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope.

Cob. O, must you be stabbed by a soldier? Mass,
that's true! when was Bobadill here, your captain?
that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullion? I'll
tickle him, i' faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter, trow?

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously! but
I have it here in black and white (*pulls out the war-
rant*), for his black and blue shall pay him. O, the

¹ The tone implies that Kately will make it worth while.

justice, the honestest old brave Trojan in London; I do honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him, though, he put me once in a villanous filthy fear; marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smoked soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door; I charge you let nobody in to you, wife; nobody in to you; those are my words: not Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend in his likeness. You are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the door shut upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter here without my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib; and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, *sweet*.

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower. Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Windmill Tavern.

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, *and*
BBAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

E. Know. Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I' faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties: but, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put them in true motion. What you have possest me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question. [*Exit.*]

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Know. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent if it take.

Wel. Take, man! why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: but, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. I' faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Know. Nay, that I am afraid, will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Know. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man I'll bring her.

E. Know. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by — what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am —

E. Know. Praythee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Old Jewry.**Enter FORMAL and KNOWELL.**Form.* Was your man a soldier, sir?*Know.*

Ay, a knave.

I took him begging o' the way, this morning,
As I came over Moorfields.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

O, here he is! — you 've made fair speed, believe me.
Where, in the name of sloth, could you be thus?

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I
thought I should have had little comfort of your
worship's service.

Know. How so?

Brai. O, sir, your coming to the city, your enter-
tainment of me, and your sending me to watch — in-
deed all the circumstances either of your charge, or
my employment, are as open to your son as to
yourself.

Know. How should that be, unless that villain,
Brainworm,

Have told him of the letter, and discover'd
All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal?

'T is so.

Brai. I am partly o' the faith, 't is so, indeed.

Know. But, how should he know thee to be my
man?

Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the
black art. Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Know. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied

Unto such hellish practice : if it were,
 I had just cause to weep my part in him,
 And curse the time of his creation.
 But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, *Mr. Knowell's man!* another cries, *Soldier!* and thus half a dozen of them, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd men, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany them; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get out of me (as, I protest, they must have dissected, and made an anatomy of me first, and so I told them), they lock'd me up into a room in the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lock'd up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with them at a feast; and your son, master Edward, withdrew with one of them, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Know. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.

Go thou along with justice Clement's man,
 And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit KNOWELL.*] Yes — invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliver'd of air! O the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now, I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick to act yet. O that I were so happy as to light upon a nupson now of this justice's novice! — Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers.

Form. You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost.

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle¹ of wine on you, if it please you to accept it —

Brai. O, sir —

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.²

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know; — and more too somewhat. (*Aside.*)

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill:³ there we shall have a cup of neat grist,⁴ we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

¹ A liquid measure of two quarts.

² The training ground for the city bands.

³ A tavern.

⁴ The drink to be had at the Windmill.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir ; — and make grist of you, if I have good luck. (*Aside.*) [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Moorfields.

Enter MATHEW, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, and STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Know. We were now speaking of him : captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul of you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention this morning, for that : You shall kill him beyond question ; if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick. [*Fences.*]

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy ! O, it must be done like lightning, hay !

[*Practises at a post with his cudgel.*]

Mat. Rare, captain !

Bob. Tut ! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a — punto.

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir ! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for knowledge, in that mystery only, there came three or four of them to me,

at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools: and withal so much importuned me, that I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure: Well, I told them that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite, in diameter, to my humour; but if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Know. So, sir! then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried: you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, shewed them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchased them since a credit to admiration: they cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent; and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous, as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures; but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull,¹ Whitechapel,¹ Shoreditch,¹ which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may

¹ Outskirts of the city and in ill repute.

spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for them: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no? what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords, — observe me, — I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto,¹ your reverso,¹ your stoccata,¹ your imbroccato,¹ your passada,¹ your montanto;¹ till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as

¹ Terms of rapier play, which then apparently included cuts as well as thrusts.

myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us: Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand: forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Know. 'Od's so, look where he is! yonder he goes. [DOWNRIGHT *crosses the stage.*]

Dow. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It is not he, is it?

E. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd then if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that were he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so : but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

Reënter DOWNRIGHT.

But see, he is come again.

Dow. O, "Pharaoh's foot," have I found you? Come, draw to your tools ; draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee ; hear me—

Dow. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it till now—Body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer ; this gentleman saw it, Master Mathew.

Dow. 'Sdeath! you will not draw then?

[Disarms and beats him. MATHEW runs away.]

Bob. Hold, hold! under thy favour, forbear!

Dow. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you! You'll "control the point," you! Your consort is gone ; had he staid he had shared with you, sir.

[Exit.]

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other : but, say you were bound to the peace,

the law allows you to defend yourself: that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace, by heaven! sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet:¹ go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passadoes, and your montantos, I'll none of them. (*Exit BOBADILL.*) O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make them! Come, coz.

Step. Mass, I'll have this cloak.

E. Know. 'Od's will, 't is Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en it up as well as I: I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Know. How an he see it? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not have it: I'll say I bought it.

E. Know. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Room in Kitely's House.

Enter KITELY, WELLBRED, DAME KITELY, and BRIDGET.

Kit. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,
T'incense his anger, and disturb the peace

¹ Jonson here takes a fling at the astrological superstitions of the day. Any disease, of obscure cause, was thus explained.

Of my poor house, where there are sentinels,
That every minute watch to give alarms
Of civil war, without adjection
Of your assistance or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you: since there is no harm done, anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valour in obscurity, is to keep himself as it were in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man unless he fight? For, indeed, all this my wise brother stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely.

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poisoned, for any thing he knows: or the wholesome wine he drank, even now at the table.

Kit. Now, God forbid! O me! now I remember My wife drank to me last, and changed the cup, And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day. See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscover'd! I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,¹ Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me; O, I am sick at heart, I burn, I burn. If you will save my life, go fetch it me.

Wel. O strange humour! my very breath has poison'd him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do you mean?

The strength of these extreme conceits will kill you.

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Wellbred, now,

¹ Supposed to be a general antidote.

For putting such a toy into his head!

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poison'd with a simile? Brother Kately, what a strange and idle imagination is this! For shame, be wiser. O' my soul there's no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? how am I then not poison'd? Am I not poison'd? how am I then so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised in FORMAL'S clothes.

Brai. Master Kately, my master, justice Clement, salutes you; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now, when I think I am sick, very sick! well, I will wait upon his worship. Thomas! Cob! I must seek them out, and set them sentinels till I return. Thomas! Cob! Thomas!

[*Exit.*

Wel. This is perfectly rare, Brainworm (*takes him aside*); but how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow the grist on me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse; where I so marshall'd him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill¹ to watch him till my return; which shall

¹ A weapon between a pike and a halbert.

be, when I have pawn'd his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brainworm: his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for, here, tell him the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and than the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service.¹ Away.

[*Exit* BRAINWORM.]

Reënter KITELY, *talking aside to* CASH.

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now my secret's ripe,

And thou shalt have it: lay to both thine ears.
Hark what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas;
Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence to thy mistress:
If she would shew him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow them, Thomas, or else hang on him,
And let him not go after; mark their looks;
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him;
But praise his leg, or foot: or if she say
The day is hot, and bid him feel her band,
How hot it is; O, that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,

¹ The Tower was extra-parochial, and within its precincts people might be immediately married.

And if they do but whisper, break 'em off:
 I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?
 Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

Kit. Why, I believe thee: Where is Cob, now?
 Cob! [*Exit.*

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob: I wonder how he employs Cob so.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in; but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end? I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine you what you think convenient: but I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloak and go with me. (*Exit CASH.*) I'll after him presently: I would to fortune I could take him there, i' faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! [*Exit.*

Wel. So, let 'em go; this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching.—But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties; and I am sure they will abide the touch; an they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I! and it touches me too in part, though not in the— Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly

and worthily affected toward you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister: there's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.¹

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is return'd to hinder us!

Reënter KITELY.

Kit. What villany is this? called out on a false message!

This was some plot; I was not sent for. — Bridget, Where is your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for God's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit. Abroad with Thomas! oh, that villain dors me:

Beast that I was, to trust him! whither, I pray you, Went she?

¹ The apple squire, a common pander.

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I 'll tell you, brother,
Whither I suspect she 's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe: but, keep my counsel.

Kit. I will, I will: to Cob's house! doth she haunt Cob's?

She 's gone a purpose now to cuckold me,
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all. [*Exit.*

Wel. Come, he is once more gone,
Sister, let 's lose no time; the affair is worth it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Street.

Enter MATHEW and BOBADILL.

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away, ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments? and that 's all.

Mat. Why so! but what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that 's all.

Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say?

Bob. Tut! I assure you, no: you shall have there your nobilis, your gentilezza, come in bravely upon

your reverse, stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your retricato with his left leg, come to the assalto with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter; fascinated, but I will be unwitch'd and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear? is it not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested and brought before justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss? would we had it!

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised as* FORMAL.

Mat. Why, here comes his man; let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Mat. Save you, sir.

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law: now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment,¹ and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? he asks a brace of angels, you have no money?

¹ That is, the only preferment given to Brainworm.

Bob. Not a ¹cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish: let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn! we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes; I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be mist: it must be done now.

Bob. Well, an there be no remedy, I'll step aside and pull them off. [*Withdraws.*]

Mat. Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk stockings; because we would have it dispatch'd ere we went to our chambers.

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you? Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brai. What manner of man is he?

Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with russet lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. (*returning*). And here are my stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain: that must be considered.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not; 'tis service of danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets

¹ Half-penny and penny were stamped on the face with a cross,

of the city, a serjeant: I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt BOBADILL and MATHEW.*]

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go and pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Downright, for the arrest.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.

The Lane before Cob's House.

Enter KNOWELL.

Know. Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now; Ho! who is within here?

Tib. (within). I am within, sir? what's your pleasure?

Know. To know who is within beside yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Know. O, fear you the constable? then I doubt not,

You have some guests within deserve that fear;
I'll fetch him straight.

Enter TIB.

Tib. O' God's name, sir!

Know. Go to: come tell me, is not young Knowell here?

Tib. Young Knowell! I know none such, sir, o' mine honesty.

Know. Your honesty, dame! it flies too lightly from you.

There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

[Exit, and claps to the door.]

Enter DAME KITELY and CASH.

Cash. Ho! who keeps house here?

Know. O, this is the female copesmate of my son :
Now shall I meet him straight.

Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Ho, goodwife!

Reënter TIB.

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door?

Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye?

Dame K. So strange you make it! is not my husband here?

Know. Her husband!

Dame K. My tried husband, master Kitley?

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame K. No, dame, he does it not for need, but pleasure.

Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.

Know. This is but a device to balk me withal :

Enter KITELY, muffled in his cloak.

Soft, who is this? 't is not my son disguised?

Dame K. (*Spies her husband and runs to him.*)

O, sir, have I forestall'd your honest market,
Found your close walks? You stand amazed now,
do you?

I' faith, I am glad I have smok'd you yet at last.
What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's see her;
Fetch forth your housewife, dame; if she be fairer,
In any honest judgment, than myself,
I'll be content with it: but she is change,
She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
And you are well! Your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir! O, you treachour!

Know. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat,
Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
O, old incontinent (*to KNOWELL*), dost thou not
shame,

When all thy powers in chastity are spent,
To have a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman?

Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch!

Kit. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander here,
Can he deny it; or that wicked elder?

Know. Why, hear you, sir.

Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never speak:
Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.

Know. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man?

Kit. Well, good wife bawd, Cob's wife, and you,
That make your husband such a hoddody-doddy;¹
And you, young apple-squire, and old cuckold-maker;

¹ Usually a simpleton, but implying here a cuckold.

I'll have you every one before a justice :

Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.

Know. Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly ;
Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
And half forgive my son for the device.

Kit. Come, will you go?

Dame K. Go! to thy shame believe it.

Enter COB.

Cob. Why, what 's the matter here, what 's here to do?

Kit. O, Cob, art thou come? I have been abused,
And in thy house ; was never man so wrong'd !

Cob. 'Slid, in my house, my master Kitely! who wrongs you in my house?

Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young here :

Thy wife 's their bawd, here have I taken them.

Cob. How, bawd! is my house come to that? Am I preferr'd thither? Did I not charge you to keep your doors shut, Isbel? and — you let them lie open for all comers! (*Beats his wife.*)

Know. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife.

This is madness in thee.

Cob. Why, is there no cause?

Kit. Yes, I'll shew cause before the justice, Cob :
Come, let her go with me.

Cob. Nay, she shall go.

Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see an you may be allowed to make a bundle of hemp¹ of your right

¹ Hemp is prepared by beating.

and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do you not go ?

Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we will have you tamed. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

A Street.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as a City Serjeant.

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace,¹ made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven I come well off!

Enter MATHEW and BOBADILL.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.

Bob. Let's go in quest of him.

Mat. 'Save you, friend! are not you here by appointment of justice Clement's man?

Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me, two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be served on one Downright.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware.

Bob. Bear back, master Mathew.

¹ The official sign of a city serjeant.

Enter STEPHEN in DOWNRIGHT's cloak.

Brai. Master Downright, I arrest you in the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend! I am no Downright, I; I am master Stephen: You do not well to arrest me, I tell you, truly; I am in nobody's bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!

Brai. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen.

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us: but see, here a' comes indeed; this is he, officer.

Enter DOWNRIGHT.

Dow. Why how now, signior gull! are you turn'd filcher of late! Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now, in open market.

Brai. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Dow. These gentlemen! these rascals!

[Offers to beat them.]

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

Dow. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. Go before master justice Clement, to answer that they can object against you, sir: I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain.

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore heaven!

[Exeunt BOBADILL and MATHEW.]

Dow. Gull, you 'll give me my cloak.

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I 'll keep it.

Dow. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Dow. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I 'll none on 't.

Dow. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I 'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?

Dow. I 'll have you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, I 'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Dow. I 'll have no words taken: bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that, I may take bail.

Dow. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose at another time; but you shall not now, varlet: bring him along, or I 'll swinge you.

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case: here's your money again.

Dow. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

Dow. Yet more ado?

Brai. I have made a fair mash on 't. (*Aside.*)

Step. Must I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, master Stephen.

Dow. Come along afore me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it : can he, fellow?

Brai. I think not, sir ; it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Coleman Street. A Hall in Justice Clement's House.

Enter CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, *and* Servants.

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave : my chair, sirrah. You, master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?

Know. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Know. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Know. Nay, I know not now ; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk ! about what time was this?

Know. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, master Kitley?

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good : but, mistress Kitley, how chance that you were at Cob's, ha?

Dame K. An't please you, sir, I'll tell you : my brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place —

Clem. So it appears, methinks : but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True, sir: but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous mind, mistress Kately: but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected?

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you, so! that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Clem. How, Wellbred first tell her; then tell you after! Where is Wellbred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly all. Alas, poor wench! wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, an 't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so.

Clem. Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence. —

Enter a SERVANT.

How now, sir! what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman in the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what is he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! take down my armour, my sword quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when,¹ knaves? Come on, come on (*arms himself*); hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters anon. — Let the soldier enter.

[*Exit SERVANT.*

¹ "What makes you so slow?"

Enter BOBADILL, followed by MATHEW.

Now, sir, what have you to say to me?

Bob. By your worship's favour —

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answer'd here: here be them that have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no part given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine honour, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here, take my armour off quickly, 't will make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on 't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An 't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Reënter SERVANT.

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant!

Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. (*Exit SERVANT.*) Set by this picture.

Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

What, master Downright! are you brought in at Mr. Freshwater's¹ suit here?

Dow. I' faith, sir, and here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! who, Master Knowell?

Know. Ay, sir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Dow. O, did you find it now? You said you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth: Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at them! Where is the warrant — officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir! your worship's man, Master Formal,

¹ A sneer, because soldiers could see no service unless they crossed the sea.

bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be served and never see the warrant?

Dow. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No! how then?

Dow. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so —

Clem. O, God's pity, was it so, sir? *He must serve it!* Give me my long sword there, and help me off. So, come on, sir varlet, I *must* cut off your legs, sirrah (*BRAINWORM kneels*); nay, stand up, *I'll use you kindly*; I *must* cut off your legs, I say.

[*Flourishes over him with his long sword.*]

Brai. O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good master justice!

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy; I *must* cut off your legs, sirrah, I *must* cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it: I *must* cut off your nose, I *must* cut off your head.

Brai. O, good your worship!

Clem. Well, rise; how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why so! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but I did not do it: so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you *must*, sirrah! away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your *must*, sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail; away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lose by my travail any grain of my fame, certain.

[*Throws off his serjeant's gown.*]

Clem. How is this?

Know. My man Brainworm!

Step. O, yes, uncle; Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it I have most need of; Sir, if you'll pardon me, only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Know. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourself: first as Brainworm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Know. Is it possible? or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, master Kitley, a message too, in the form of master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your

worship, while master Wellbred might make a conveyance of mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! my sister stolen away?

Know. My son is not married, I hope.

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound, which is her portion, can make them; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent them, and invite them home.

Clem. Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. (*Exit SERVANT.*) Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, (but all in kindness), and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off this my sentence: Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the wit of the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him, for't. How now, what noise is that?

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

Enter FORMAL in a suit of armour.

What! drunk? in arms against me? your reason, your reason for this?

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happened into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my clothes.

Clem. Well, tell him I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him: but what is this to your armour? what may that signify?

Form. An't please you, sir, it hung up in the room where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one of the drawers¹ to come home in, because I was loth to do penance through the street in my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while.

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, and BRIDGET.

Who be these? O, the young company; welcome, welcome! Give you joy. Nay, mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand: so will I for all the rest ere you forsake my roof.

E. Know. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two² have so little of man in them, they are no part of my care.

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman he belongs to my sister the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, and in public: her poet, sir.

¹ Drawers of liquor, tapsters.

² Mathew and Bobadill.

Clem. A poet! I will challenge him myself presently at extempore,

*Mount up thy Phlegon,¹ Muse, and testify,
How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud,
Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,
And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud.*

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir: he is all for the pocket muse; please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein.
[*They search MATHEW'S pockets.*

Wel. You must not deny the queen's justice, sir, under a writ of rebellion.

Clem. What! all this verse? body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in his hose: let us see some of his subjects. [*Reads.*

*Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of eyes.²*

How! this is stolen.

E. Know. A parody! a parody! what a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. (*Sets the papers on fire.*) Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines! brighter and brighter! still it increases! O, now it is at the highest; and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic transit gloria mundi!*³

¹ One of the sun's horses.

² From S. Daniel's first sonnet to Delia, ll. 1-2. The lines are parodied to point Jonson's satire on fashionable poetry of the time. Knowell's speech emphasizes further.

³ So passes the glory of the world.

Know. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies.

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff. Master Kitley, you look upon me! — though I live in the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlars! these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach; they have it with the fact.

E. Know. Sir, you have saved me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these, you sign o' the soldier, and picture of the poet (but both so false, I will not have you hanged out at my door till midnight), while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender you safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated: why, sir, you shall give master Downright his cloak; and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have in the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep them so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, master Downright, your anger; you, master Knowell, your cares; Master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy. For, I must tell you both, while that is fed, Horns in the mind are worse than on the head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me; kiss me, sweetheart.

*See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath!
Watch 'em suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, see! on heads that think they have none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this will come!
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.*

I have learn'd so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

Clem. 'T is well, 't is well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom, take your bride and lead; every one a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brainworm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference: whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause. [*Exeunt.*

PHILASTER,
OR
LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.





JOHN FLETCHER.



FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER.

THE date of *Philaster* has not been determined exactly, though critics generally assign it to 1609 or 1610. In Davies' *Scourge of Folly* (1611) is an epigram referring to the play; and Dryden speaks of *Philaster* as "the first play that brought Fletcher and Beaumont in esteem." Their joint efforts began probably in 1608. Such is the evidence, highly unsatisfactory, upon which the play is put in the years mentioned above.

From the first performances at the Globe and later at the Bankside, *Philaster* has had a wide popularity. Many editions followed one another in rapid succession. In 1695 Elkanah Settle presented a changed version, the prologue and an epilogue having been added and the last two acts rewritten. Many revisions and editions have been offered, including a German translation by A. Seubert. Genest says the play was acted at Bath in 1817.

Francis Beaumont was born at Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, 1585 (?), and died in London, March, 1616. He was of ancient family, long distinguished for legal acumen and poetic power. He was married and left two daughters, of whom Frances, the younger, tradition says, lost some of her father's poems at sea while crossing from Ireland.

At the age of ten or eleven the poet entered Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford — the place

described by Samuel Johnson as "a nest of singing birds." On the death of his father, 1598, Beaumont left the university without his degree. Shortly after he was admitted to the Inner Temple and, supposedly, began the study of law. It is probable that Fletcher was already in London and that almost immediately began the intimacy which added so much to our lyric and dramatic literature. We are told they were brought together through their common friendship for Ben Jonson, and in particular through a mutual admiration of his *Volpone*.

John Fletcher was likewise of a good old family. His father was Bishop of London and attended Mary Queen of Scots, during her last days. The poet was born at Rye, Sussex, in 1579, and died of the plague, August, 1625, in London. In Aubrey's *Brief Lives* is an interesting paragraph:—

"Mr. John Fletcher, poet: in the great plague, 1625, a Knight of Norfolk (or Suffolke) invited him into the countrey. He stayed but to make himself a suit of cloathes, and while it was makeing, fell sick of the plague and dyed. This I had (1688) from his taylor, who is now a very old man, and clarke of St. Mary Overy's." It was here that Fletcher was buried.

Of their life together in London we have nothing beyond vague conjecture; nor is there anything more positive concerning the share belonging to each in that wonderful literary partnership.¹ Aubrey says that Beaumont's main business was to correct the overflow of Fletcher's wit. Elsewhere we read that "Beaumont brought the ballast of judgment, Fletcher the sail of phantasie; both compounding a poet to

¹ There is a story that they lived together on Bankside, near the theatres, slept in one bed, and wore the same clothes.

admiration." Verse tests and prose tests, of neither has there ever been a want, but the hushed voices yield no answer and the mystery is mysterious still.

Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both our English genius is expressed;
Lofty and bold, but negligently dressed.

— Prologue to *The Maid's Tragedy*, 1645,
EDMUND WALLER.

. . . you were both for both ; not semi-wits,
Each piece is wholly two, yet never splits :
Ye are not two faculties, and one soul still,
He th' understanding, though the quick free-will ;
Not as two voices in one song embrace,
Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base,
Two full congenial souls ; still both prevail'd ;
His muse and thine were quarter'd, not impaled :
Both brought your ingots, both toil'd at the mint,
Beat, melted, sifted, till no dross stuck in 't ;
Then in each other's scale 's weigh'd every grain,
Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again ;
Stamp't both your names upon 't at one bold hit,
Then, then 't was coin, as well as bullion-wit.

— *On the Happy Collection of Mr. Fletcher's
Works*, 1647, J. BERKENHEAD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING.

PHILASTER, Heir to the Crown of Sicily.

PHARAMOND, Prince of Spain.

DION, a Lord.

CLEREMONT.

THRASILINE.

An Old Captain.

Citizens.

A Country Fellow.

Two Woodmen.

Guard, Attendants.

ARETHUSA, Daughter to the King.

EUPHRASIA, Daughter to Dion, disguised as a Page under the
name of BELLARIO.

MEGRA, a Court Lady.

GALATEA, a Lady attending the Princess.

Two Other Ladies.

SCENE: MESSINA and its neighbourhood.

PHILASTER,
OR
LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.¹

The Presence Chamber in the Palace.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Here 's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the King to attend here: besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Faith, sir, the multitude, that seldom know anything but their own opinions, speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

¹ A chamber in the palace.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is without controversy so meant. But 't will be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late King of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state-news. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance: which wise men say is the cause the King labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

Enter GALATEA, a LADY, and MEGRA.

Thra. See, the ladies! What 's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favouredly dance her measure; simpler when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Faith, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes; she'll cog¹ and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body by making experiment upon it for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

Meg. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

La. What if they should!

Meg. Nay, let her alone.—What if they should! Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad: what foreigner would do so? it writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

La. What if they be!

Meg. Good madam, let her go on.—What if they be! Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg nor say 'excuse me.'

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

Meg. Do you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies!

¹ Cheat, cajole.

Meg. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.

Meg. Near me, perhaps: but there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

La. Methinks he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the King!

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, and Attendants.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now loved and wondered at; next, our intent
To plant you deeply our immediate heir
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe), though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams:
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To show her so, as borrowed ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature —
No, sir;
I boldly dare proclaim her yet no woman.

But woo her still, and think her modesty
 A sweeter mistress than the offered language
 Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
 Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.¹
 Last, noble son (for so I now must call you),
 What I have done thus public, is not only
 To add a comfort in particular
 To you or me, but all; and to confirm
 The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms
 By oath to your succession, which shall be
 Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 't is at best, 't will be but half done,
 whilst

So brave a gentleman is wronged and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too:
 Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take
 leave

To thank your royal father; and thus far
 To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
 Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must
 be

(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
 And so deserving I dare speak myself),
 To what a person, of what eminence,
 Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
 Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms;
 You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country!
 By more than all the gods, I hold it happy;

¹ Lovers.

Happy in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good ; happy in yours that is ;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine¹ myself most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty and flourishing, defencèd, feared,
Equal to be commanded and obeyed,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. By all the gods
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself
And his own law — yet I his prince and law.
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living ; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men to be
Your servant ; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!

Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.

Dion. I wonder what's his price ; for certainly He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape.
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,

Enter PHILASTER.

Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallowed quick, if I can find,

¹ This is the reading generally adopted, though the meaning is not clear.

In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable. By this sun, he'll ne'er make
king,

Unless it be of trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. (kneeling.) Right noble sir, as low as my
obedience,

And with a heart as loyal as my knee,

I beg your favour.

King. Rise; you have it, sir.

[PHILASTER rises.]

Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks, he
fears!

Oh, this same whorson conscience, how it jades us!

King. Speak your intents, sir.

Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?

Be still my royal sovereign.

King. As a subject,

We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn

My language to you, prince; you, foreign man!

Ne'er stare nor put on wonder, for you must

Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon

(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess),

By my dead father (oh, I had a father,

Whose memory I bow to!) was not left

To your inheritance, and I up and living —

Having myself about me and my sword,

The souls of all my name and memories,

These arms and some few friends beside the gods —

To part so calmly with it, and sit still

And say, "I might have been." I tell thee, Pharamond,

When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,

And my name ashes : for, hear me, Pharamond!
 This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
 My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
 Before that day of shame shall gape and swallow
 Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
 Into her hidden bowels ; prince, it shall ;
 By the just gods, it shall !

Pha. He 's mad ; beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in 's veins :
 The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.¹

Phi. Sir prince of popinjays, I 'll make it well
 Appear to you I am not mad.

King. You displease us :
 You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
 Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
 A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud
 Sails over, and makes nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.
 Call our physicians : sure, he 's somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 't will prove so.

Dion. H' as given him a general purge already,
 For all the right he has ; and now he means
 To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen :
 By heaven, I 'll run his hazard,
 Although I run my name out of the kingdom !

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me to stir offence,
 I cannot find, unless it be this lady,
 Offered into mine arms with the succession ;
 Which I must keep (though it hath pleased your fury
 To mutiny within you), without disputing
 Your genealogies, or taking knowledge

¹ Ray, in his *Proverbs*, says this means " thin and meagre."

Whose branch you are : the King will leave it me,
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his,¹ and couldst see no sun
Shine upon anything but thine ; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ringed among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations),
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,²
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince ; I gave you not
this freedom
To brave our best friends : you deserve our frown.
Go to ; be better tempered.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used.

Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your
knowledge ;
But the other is the man set in mine eye :
Oh, 't is a prince of wax !³

Gal. A dog it is.

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,

¹ Alexander the Great.

² Bugbears. *Bwg* (Welsh) means "goblin."

³ Well made, as if a wax model. Galatea's reply refers to an obscure cant term. See the description of Paris, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I., Scene 3.

My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,
 My wants great, and now nothing-hopes and fears,
 My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laughed at.
 Dare you be still my king, and right me?

King. Give me your wrongs in private.

Phi.

Take them,

And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

[*They whisper.*

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him ; there 's danger in 't.

Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through : men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true tenant : if he give not back his crown again upon the report of an elder-gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to ;

Be more yourself, as you respect our favour ;
 You 'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
 That you are, and shall be, at our pleasure, what
 Fashion we will put upon you. Smooth your brow,
 Or by the gods —

Phi. I am dead, sir ; you 're my fate. It was not I
 Said, I was wronged : I carry all about me
 My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
 Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
 But man of flesh, and may be mortal), tell me,
 I do not most entirely love this prince,
 And honour his full virtues !

King.

Sure, he 's possessed.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O
 King,

A dangerous spirit! now he tells me, King,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'T is strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel and do me service, cry me king:
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. Noble sir, your hand;
I am your servant.

King. Away! I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your life and spirit. For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

Exeunt KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, and
Attendants.

Dion. I thank your, sir! you dare not for the
people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave
fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand. But
eye yon stranger: is he not a fine complete gentle-
man? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely!
they do the rarest home-things, and please the fullest!
As I live, I could love all the nation over and over
for his sake.

Gal. Gods comfort your poor head-piece, lady! 't is
a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

[*Exeunt* GALATEA, MEGRA, and LADY.

Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not
Spoke home and bravely? what a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! how he shook the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood

Run into whey! it stood upon his brow
Like a cold winter-dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion :
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If I could well be flattered at a price,
Not to undo your children. You're all honest :
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseasèd age, retire and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well ;
And so well that, if the King please, I find
I may live many years.

Dion. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you ; in whose name
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abusèd people,
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.

Phi. Friends, no more ;
Our ears may be corrupted ; 't is an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?

Thra. Do we love heaven and honour?

Phi. My Lord Dion, you had
A virtuous gentlewoman called you father ;
Is she yet alive?

Dion. Most honoured sir, she is ;
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a LADY.

Phi. Is it to me,
Or any of these gentlemen, you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord ; the princess would entreat

Your present company.

Phi. The princess send for me! you are mistaken.

Lady. If you be called Philaster, 't is to you.

Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.

[*Exit LADY.*

Dion. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes ; go to see a woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweet face!

By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman!

Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen ; she's noble.

Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red

And white friends in her cheeks may steal my soul
out ;

There's all the danger in't : but, be what it may,

Her single name hath armèd me.

[*Exit.*

Dion. Go on,

And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless!

Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,

Lest the King prove false.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA and a LADY.

Are. Comes he not?

Lady. Madam?

Are. Will Philaster come?

Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
At first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How looked he when he told thee he would come?

Lady. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful?

Lady. Fear, madam! sure, he knows not what it is.

Are. You are all of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drowned in the doing. But, I know he fears.

Lady. Fear, madam! methought, his looks hid
more
Of love than fear.

Are. Of love! to whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture and quick look
That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of love to me! alas, thy ignorance
 Lets thee not see the crosses of our births!
 Nature, that loves not to be questionèd
 Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
 And knows she does well, never gave the world
 Two things so opposite, so contrary,
 As he and I am: if a bowl of blood,
 Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
 A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me!

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in. [*Exit* LADY.
 You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
 Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
 To make the passions of a feeble maid
 The way unto your justice, I obey.

Reënter LADY with PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my Lord Philaster.

Are. Oh, 't is well.
 Withdraw yourself. [*Exit* LADY.

Phi. Madam, your messenger
 Made me believe you wished to speak with me.

Are. 'T is true, Philaster; but the words are such
 I have to say, and do so ill beseem
 The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
 And yet am loath to speak them. Have you known
 That I have aught detracted from your worth?
 Have I in person wronged you? or have set
 My baser instruments to throw disgrace
 Upon your virtues?

Phi. Never, madam, you.

Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
 Injure a princess, and a scandal lay

Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great,
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be
Foolish: but, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wished.

Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Phi. Madam, both?

Are. Both, or I die: by heaven, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
Yet would be loath to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown
To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay, then, hear:
I must and will have them, and more —

Phi. What more?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more?

Are. Turn, then, away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I can endure it. Turn away my face!
I never yet saw enemy that looked
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;

Why, I will give it you ; for 't is to me
A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price :
If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear.

Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know, I must have them and thee.

Phi. And me ?

Are. Thy love ; without which, all the land
Discovered yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is 't possible ?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead
(Which, know, it may), I have unript my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this condemnèd life,
Which you may have for asking : to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you !
By all my hopes, I do, above my life !
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul into my body shot
Could not have filled me with more strength and
spirit
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus : 't is the gods,
The gods, that make me so ; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss ;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.

Phi.

'T will be ill

I should abide here long.

Are.

'T is true ; and worse

You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?

Phi.

I have a boy,

Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me : but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story :
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields
Which gave him roots ; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then he took up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country-people hold,
Did signify, and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief ; and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country-art
That could be wished : so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained
Him, who was glad to follow ; and have got

The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.¹

Reënter LADY.

Are. 'T is well ; no more.

Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself ?

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have appointed
out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thyself. —

Bring in the prince.

[*Exit* LADY.]

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond !

When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not ;
And shall a stranger-prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself ?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and
way

In what he says ; for he is apt to speak
What you are loath to hear : for my sake, do.

Phi. I will.

¹ "The figure of the maiden page, with whom the audience have been familiarized before her appearance on the scene by means of a narrative passage, maintains to the last a simple sweetness full of the truest poetical pathos." — Ward : *English Dramatic Literature*, Vol. II., p. 671.

Reënter LADY with PHARAMOND.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands, and to show,
[*Exit* LADY.]

In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the King —

Phi. Good sir, do so still: I would not talk with
you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter: do but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable —

Phi. Good sir, let me go.

Pha. And by the gods —

Phi. Peace, Pharamond! if thou —

Are. Leave us, Philaster.

Phi. I have done. [*Going.*]

Pha. You are gone! by Heaven I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You shall not need. [*Returning.*]

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice; but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
'Thou wert,' and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of
The princess?

Phi. It is a place to which I must confess
I owe a reverence ; but were 't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there 's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee :
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back ! Farewell. [*Exit.*

Pha. 'T is an odd fellow, madam ; we must stop
His mouth with some office when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controller.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But,
madam,

I hope our hearts are knit ; and yet so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 't will be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

Are. If you dare speak such thoughts, I must with-
draw in honour. [*Exit.*

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold
out till the wedding ; I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PHILASTER and BELLARIO.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy ;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty ; and, for my sake,

Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something
By being yours. You trusted me unknown;
And that which you were apt to conster¹
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft: yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
Than bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet;
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part with
A servant he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he. but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault in ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope

¹ Construe.

For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off! thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 't is so: and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will!
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'T is more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one!
[*Exit.*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it: yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*A Gallery in the Palace.**Enter PHARAMOND.*

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 't is not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies!

Enter GALATEA.

Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her (*aside*).
Madam!

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand —

Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you: but, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar; and then, I think, I shall have sense enough to answer all the weighty apophthegms your royal blood shall manage.

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire¹ mine own hair covers;

¹ Women then used wire frames as part of their head-dress.

and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting; and, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: would you or I could help it!

Pha. You're very dangerous bitter, like a potion.

Gal. No, sir, I do not mean to purge you, though I mean to purge a little time on you.

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give No more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine brewed with carduus,¹ then fast till supper; about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller:² but, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey; they are all duller of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir; I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite: she's a Danaë, and must be courted in a shower of gold (*aside*). — Madam, look here; all these, and more than —

Gal. What have you there, my lord? gold! now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: you could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my

¹ Thistle.

² The handle of a crossbow.

lord, I 'll send my man with silver and keep your gold for you. (*Takes gold.*)

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money.¹ — Yet for all this I 'll match ye (*aside*).

[*Exit behind the hangings.*]

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire² constitutions as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-faced husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that would breed, let all consider!

Enter MEGRA.

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on (*aside*). Many fair mornings, lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days, Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace!

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure this wench is free (*aside*). —

If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we will talk
An hour out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself:
I 'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet
even, smooth,
Young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,

¹ A cant term for silver.

² Camphire is slang for "cold," "passionless."

Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinned cherries dyed in blushes

Which those fair suns above with their bright beams
Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation (*aside*). — Sir,
You have in such neat poetry gathered a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, but you shall not;
I'll prompt you first. (*Kisses her.*) Can you do it
now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now you ha' done't be-
fore me;

But yet I should stick at it.

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll never part you, sweetest. But we lose time:
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my lord! how would you have me
love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I
will not load your memory: this is all; love me, and
go with me.

Meg. Was it go with you, you said? 't is impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own
That yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures.¹

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault, indeed;
But time and your good help will wear it out, sir.
Has your grace seen the court star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! she's as cold of her favour as
an apoplex: she sailed by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard
cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would
blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter;
he's but a squib-cracker to her: look well about you,
and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet
lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your chamber. If you mistrust my faith,
you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall
seal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want,
I'll furnish you withal: give two hours to your
thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you
are bashful;

Speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this,
[*Gives her a ring.*]

And with it me: soon I will visit you.

Meg. My lord,

My chamber's most unsafe; but when 't is night,
I'll find some means to slip into your lodging;
Till when —

Pha. Till when, this and my heart go with thee!
[*Exeunt severally.*]

¹ Formal, stately dances.

Reënter GALATEA.

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: and, Lady Towsabel, I'll fit you for 't. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

ARETHUSA'S Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ARETHUSA and a LADY.

Are. Where 's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he done 't?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'T is a pretty sad¹ talking boy, is it not?
Asked you his name?

Lady. No, madam.

Enter GALATEA.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says, she has done that you would have wished.

Are. Hast thou discovered?

Gal. I have strained a point
Of modesty for you.

Are. I prithee, how?

Gal. In listening after bawdry. I see, let a lady

¹ Serious

Live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find
A lawful time to hearken after bawdry.

Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on 't!

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected:
I can tell the time and place.

Are. Oh, when, and where?

Gal. To-night, his lodging.

Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there
again

With other ladies; leave the rest to me.

[*Exit GALATEA.*]

If destiny (to whom we dare not say,
“Why thou didst this”) have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Was never altered yet), this match shall break (*aside*).
Where 's the boy?

Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO, richly dressed.

Are. Sir,

You are sad to change your service; is 't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you,
To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in¹ me.
Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou canst sing and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst² master when thou went'st to
school?

¹ Give up all claim in.

² Cross.

Thou art not capable of other grief;
 Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
 When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
 Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
 And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
 Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

Bel. Love, madam! I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st
 love?

Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me
 As if he wished me well?

Bel. If it be love

To forget all respect of his own friends
 With thinking of your face; if it be love
 To sit cross-armed and sigh away the day,
 Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
 And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;
 If it be love to weep himself away
 When he but hears of any lady dead
 Or killed, because it might have been your chance;
 If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),
 'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
 As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
 Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. Oh, you 're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
 For your lord's credit! but thou know'st a lie
 That bears this sound is welcomer to me
 Than any truth that says he loves me not.
 Lead the way, boy. — Do you attend me too. —
 'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Before PHARAMOND'S Lodging in the Court of the Palace.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, *and* GALATEA.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As
men

Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper: 't is their exercise.

Gal. 'T is late.

Meg. 'T is all

My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you 'll scarce find
The way to your own lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Thra. The prince!

Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? you 're good sitters-up:
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?

Meg. I should choose, my lord, a pleasing wake
before it.

Enter ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.

Are. 'T is well, my lord; you 're courting of these
ladies. —

Is 't not late, gentlemen?

Cle. Yes, madam.

Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*

Meg. She's jealous, as I live (*aside*). Look you, my lord,

The princess has a Hylas,¹ an Adonis.

Pha. His form is angel-like.

Meg. Why, this is he

That must, when you are wed, sit by your pillow,

Like young Apollo, with his hand and voice

Binding your thoughts in sleep; the princess

Does provide him for you and for herself.

Pha. I find no music in these boys.

Meg. Nor I:

They can do little, and that small they do,

They have not wit to hide.

Dion. Serves he the princess?

Thra. Yes.

Dion. 'T is a sweet boy: how brave² she keeps him!

Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning ere you've done your dreams.

Meg. All happiness attend your grace!

[*Exit* PHARAMOND.]

Gentlemen, good rest. — Come, shall we go to bed?

Gal. Yes. — All, good night.

Dion. May your dreams be true to you. —

[*Exeunt* GALATEA and MEGRA.]

What shall we do, gallants? 't is late. The king
Is up still: see, he comes; a guard along with him.

Enter KING *with* ARETHUSA, *Guards, and*
Attendants.

King. Look your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life, it is: and I do hope

¹ Hylas was a youth of rare beauty, and beloved of Hercules, whom he attended on the expedition of the Argonauts.

² Well-dressed.

Your highness will not tie me to a man
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,
And takes another.

Dion. What should this mean?

King. If it be true,
That lady had better have embraced
Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest:
You shall be righted.

[*Exeunt ARETHUSA and BELLARIO.*

— Gentlemen, draw near ;

We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?

Dion. I saw him enter there.

King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit DION.*

Cle. Sir,

She parted hence but now, with other ladies.

King. If she be there, we shall not need to make¹
A vain discovery of our suspicion.

You gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others shall be cursed
In that which meaner men are blest withal :
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth ; if he have any child,
It shall be crossly matched ; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed ; let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine !
She has not broke your laws. But how can I

¹ Compare the speech of Claudius in *Hamlet*, Act III., Scene 3.

Look to be heard of gods that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong? (*aside*).

Reënter DION.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds. I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laughed, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it. I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concerned life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her: they smiled again, and seemed to instruct me that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get: in short, sir, I think she is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally. — You o' the guard,

Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives. —

[*Exeunt* Guards.

Knock, gentlemen; knock loud; louder yet.

DION, CLEREMONT, *etc.*, knock at the door of
PHARAMOND'S lodging.

What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?

I'll break your meditations. — Knock again. —

Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this

Larum by him. — Once more. — Pharamond! prince!

[PHARAMOND *appears at a window.*

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?

Where be our waiters? By my vexèd soul,

He meets his death that meets me, for this boldness.

King. Prince, prince, you wrong your thoughts ;
we are your friends :

Come down.

Pha. The King!

King. The same, sir. Come down, sir :
We have cause of present counsel with you.

Enter PHARAMOND below.

Pha. If your grace please
To use me, I'll attend you to your chamber.

King. No, 'tis too late, prince ; I'll make bold
with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to myself
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot. —
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen ; he must
Come through my life that comes here.

King. Sir, be resolved I must and will come. —
Enter!

Pha. I will not be dishonoured :
He that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes¹ to my chamber
At these unseasoned hours.

King. Why do you
Chafe yourself so? you are not wronged nor shall be ;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known. — Enter, I say.

Pha. I say, no. [MEGRA *appears at a window.*

Meg. Let 'em enter, prince, let 'em enter ;
I am up and ready : I know their business ;
'T is the poor breaking of a lady's honour

¹ The Spanish "renegado" was a type of the turncoat. It seems here to mean a ruffianly intruder.

They hunt so hotly after ; let 'em enjoy it. —
 You have your business, gentlemen ; I came here.
 Oh, my lord the King, this is not noble in you,
 To make public the weakness of a woman !

King. Come down.

Meg. I dare, my lord. Your hootings and your
 clamours,

Your private whispers and your broad fleerings,
 Can no more vex my soul than this base carriage :
 But I have vengeance yet in store for some
 Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
 Be joy and nourishment.

King. Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst ; but I shall wring
 you,

If my skill fail me not. *[Exit above.]*

King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this loose-
 ness ;

You have wronged a worthy lady : but, no more. —
 Conduct him to my lodging and to bed.

[Exeunt PHARAMOND and Attendants.]

Enter MEGRA below.

King. Now, lady of honour, where 's your honour
 now?

No man can fit your palate but the prince :
 Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece
 Made by a painter and a 'pothecary,
 Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness
 Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swoln cloud
 Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases,
 Thou all-sin, all-hell, and last all-devils, tell me,
 Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
 But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?

By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court,
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls!
Do you laugh, Lady Venus?

Meg. Faith, sir, you must pardon me ;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O King! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of my own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth!
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing :
Urge me no more ; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all ;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps ; a handsome boy, about eighteen ;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury ; and if I do not
Do 't to the height —

King. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not
these things!

I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by Heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known
Shalt be as public as a print ; all tongues
Shall speak it as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly ; I 'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms far
and foreign

Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people ;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess!

King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait
on her,
A fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter :
For this time I will study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I 'll study
To forget you. [*Exeunt KING and MEGRA, severally.*]

Cle. Why, here's a male spirit fit for Hercules.
If ever there be Nine Worthies¹ of women, this
wench shall ride astride and be their captain.

Dion. Sure, she has a garrison of devils in her
tongue, she uttered such balls of wild-fire: she has
so nettled the King, that all the doctors in the coun-
try will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-
found-out antidote to cure her infection; that boy,
that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's
boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these
considered, can make nothing else — but there I leave
you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we 'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ The nine worthies were Joshua, Judas Maccabeus,
David, Alexander, Hector, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Godfrey of
Bouillon, and King Arthur.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Court of the Palace.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 't is true.

Dion. Ay; and 't is the gods
That raised this punishment, to scourge the King
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us that should write noble in the land,
For us that should be freemen, to behold
A man that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, pressed down from his royal right
By this regardless King? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be
married
To yon strange prince, who, but that people please
To let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind?

Thra. That man that would not stir with you
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth!

Cle. Philaster is too backward in 't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that 's moved
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only cause that draws Philaster back

From this attempt is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps he 'll not believe it.

Dion.

Why, gentlemen,

'T is without question so.

Cle.

Ay, 't is past speech,

She lives dishonestly: but how shall we,

If he be curious,¹ work upon his faith?

Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.

Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,

I 'll make this new report to be my knowledge;

I 'll say I know it; nay, I 'll swear I saw it.

Cle. It will be best.

Thra.

'T will move him.

Dion.

Here he comes.

Enter PHILASTER.

Good morrow to your honour: we have spent
Some time in seeking you.

Phi.

My worthy friends,

You that can keep your memories to know

Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown

On men disgraced for virtue, a good day

Attend you all! What service may I do

Worthy your acceptance?

Dion.

My good lord,

We come to urge that virtue, which we know

Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a head:

The nobles and the people are all dulled

With this usurping King; and not a man,

That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing

As virtue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you

¹ "If he demand proofs."

To me that have deserved none! Know, my friends
 (You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
 With too much courtesy), I could afford
 To melt myself in thanks: but my designs
 Are not yet ripe: suffice it, that ere long
 I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
 Is short of what I would.

Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect;
 That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reached
 By violence may now be caught. As for the King,
 You know the people have long hated him;
 But now the princess, whom they loved —

Phi. Why, what of her?

Dion. Is loathed as much as he.

Phi. By what strange means?

Dion. She's known a whore.

Phi. Thou liest.

Dion. My lord —

Phi. Thou liest.

[Offers to draw his sword: they hold him.]

And thou shalt feel it! I had thought thy mind
 Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
 Of her good name, is an infectious sin
 Not to be pardoned: be it false as hell,
 'T will never be redeemed, if it be sown
 Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
 All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
 That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs!
 Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
 That utters this, and I will scale them all,
 And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
 Like thunder from a cloud.

Dion.

This is most strange:

Sure, he does love her.

Phi. I do love fair truth :
She is my mistress, and who injures her
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honoured friend,
That comes to do his service, and will show you
Why he uttered this.

Phi. I ask you pardon, sir ;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly :
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distempered and enraged as now.

Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.

Phi. Oh, say not so!
Good sir, forbear to say so ; 't is then truth,
That all womankind is false : urge it no more ;
It is impossible. Why should you think
The princess light?

Dion. Why, she was taken at it.

Phi. 'T is false ! by Heaven, 't is false ! it cannot
be !
Can it ? Speak, gentlemen ; for love of truth, speak !
Is 't possible ? Can women all be damned ?

Dion. Why, no, my lord.

Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.

Dion. And she was taken with her boy.

Phi. What boy ?

Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.

Phi. Oh, good gods !
A little boy ?

Dion. Ay ; know you him, my lord ?

Phi. Hell and sin know him ! (*aside*). — Sir, you
are deceived ;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you :

If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? she would have one
Should meet her thoughts and know the sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abused, and so is she, and I.

Dion. How you, my lord?

Phi. Why, all the world's abused
In an unjust report.

Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman!
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.

Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from
my rage!
Would thou hadst ta'en devils engendering plagues,
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my
eyes!

Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been stricken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!

Thra. Have you known him so ill-tempered?

Cle. Never before.

Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me through?

Dion. Why, my lord, are you
So moved at this?

Phi. When any fall from virtue,
I am distract; I have an interest in't.

Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and
think
What's best to be done.

Phi. I thank you ; I will do it :
Please you to leave me ; I 'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.

Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!

Thra. He was extreme impatient.

Cle. It was his virtue and his noble mind.

[*Exeunt* DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them ;
I 'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire :
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 't is done ;
And he that tells me this is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
With that we see not ! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight ;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away ; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat ;
And taste the water of the springs as sweet
As 't was before, finding no start in sleep :
But miserable man —

Enter BELLARIO.

See, see, you gods,
He walks still ; and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent is still the same,
Not blasted ! Is this justice ? do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow

Treason so smooth a brow ? I cannot now
Think he is guilty. [Aside.

Bel. Health to you, my lord !
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you. [Gives a letter.

Phi. Oh Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me ! she does show it
In loving thee, my boy : she has made thee brave.¹

Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert ; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. — Oh, let all
women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper ! She does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides ; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks [Aside.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee ?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity ;
As mothers fond ² do use their only sons
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.

Phi. Why, this is wondrous well :
But what kind language does she feed thee with ?

Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my
youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant ; bids me weep no more

¹ Dressed out finely.

² Foolish.

For leaving you ; she'll see my services
Regarded : and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill, my lord ?

Phi. Ill ? no, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceived, boy :
And she strokes thy head ?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks ?

Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy ? ha !

Bel. How, my lord ?

Phi. She kisses thee ?

Bel. Not so, my lord.

Phi. That 's strange !—I know she does.

Bel. No, by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come, she
does.

I bade her do it ; I charged her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights.
Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not parallelless ? is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe ?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls ?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy ?

Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbèd thoughts
Were so perplexed : when first I went to her,

My heart held augury. You are abused ;
 Some villain has abused you : I do see
 Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
 That put this to you ! 't is some subtle train
 To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee.

Come,

Thou shalt know all my drift : I hate her more
 Than I love happiness, and placed thee there
 To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
 Hast thou discovered ? is she fallen to lust,
 As I would wish her ? Speak some comfort to me.

Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent :
 Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats,
 Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
 Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
 Her base desires : but what I came to know
 As servant to her, I would not reveal,
 To make my life last ages.

Phi.

Oh, my heart !

This is a salve worse than the main disease.
 Tell me thy thoughts ; for I will know the least

[*Draws his sword.*

That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
 To know it : I will see thy thoughts as plain
 As I do now thy face.

Bel.

Why, so you do.

She is (for aught I know) by all the gods, [*Kneels.*
 As chaste as ice ! but were she foul as hell,
 And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
 The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,¹

¹ An allusion to the Sicilian tyrant Phalaris (560 B.C.) and especially to his torture of human beings in a heated brazen bull.

Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee ; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee : I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse ;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling ! Tell me when
And where thou didst bewray her, or let plagues
Fall on me, if I destroy thee not !

Bel. By heaven I never did ; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loathed !
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I 'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow, and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death ?
Can boys condemn that ?

Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason ?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 't is to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord :
'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep ;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue ; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.¹

¹ See other references to death by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Valentinian*, Act I., Scene 3, Act IV., Scene 4 ; *Thierry and Theodoret*, Act IV., Scene 1.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls : think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with ! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of ; kill me !

Phi. Oh, what should I do ?
Why, who can but believe him ? he does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. [*Sheathes his sword.*
Rise, Bellario : [*Bellarario rises.*

Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That, though I know 'em false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth : a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost : it troubles me
That I have called the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more : something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honoured mind. But through these
tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore !

If you hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st! [*Exit* BELLARIO.]

Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!¹ [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again :
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, — how I slept, waked, talked,
How I remembered him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how when I sighed, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such, — I should be angry at his
stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations! Who attends
you?

Are. None but my single self: I need no guard ;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy?

Are. Yes, sir.

¹ Compare the words of Macbeth, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased," Act V., Scene 3.

King. What kind of boy?

Are.

A page, a waiting-boy.

King. A handsome boy?

Are.

I think he be not ugly:

Well qualified and dutiful I know him;

I took him not for beauty.

King. He speaks and sings and plays?

Are.

Yes, sir.

King.

About eighteen?

Are. I never asked his age.

King.

Is he full of service?

Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?

King. Put him away.

Are.

Sir!

King.

Put him away, I say.

H' 'as done you that good service shames me to speak of.

Are. Good sir, let me understand you.

King.

If you fear me,

Show it in duty; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.

King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself
What you, myself, have done.

Are.

What I have done, my lord?

King. 'T is a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly: do it! Farewell. [Exit.

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,

Keeping her honour fair? Not with the living ;
 They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
 And make 'em truths ; they draw a nourishment
 Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces ;
 And, when they see a virtue fortified
 Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
 Oh, how they cast to sink it! and, defeated
 (Soul-sick with poison), strike the monuments
 Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
 And the cold marble melt.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress !

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me !

Phi. He must be more than man that makes these crystals

Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause ?
 And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
 Your creature, made again from what I was
 And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.

Are. Oh, my best love, that boy !

Phi. What boy ?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me —

Phi. What of him ?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why ?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous ! who ?

Are. The King.

Phi. Oh, my misfortune !

Then 't is no idle jealousy — Let him go. [*Aside.*]

Are. Oh, cruel !

Are you hard-hearted too ? who shall now tell you
How much I loved you ? who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send ? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets ? lose his health in service ?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise ?
Who shall now sing your crying elegies,
And stride a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn ? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eyelids, making me dream, and cry,
' Oh, my dear, dear Philaster ! '

Phi.

Oh, my heart !

Would he had broken thee, that made me know
This lady was not loyal ! (*aside*). — Mistress,
Forget the boy ; I 'll get thee a far better.

Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario !

Phi.

'T is but your fond affection.

Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants ! Farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself !
Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs
Sell and betray chaste love !

Phi.

And all this passion for a boy ?

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman !

Are.

How, my lord ?

Phi. False Arethusa !

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em ? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.

Are.

Do what, sir ? would you sleep ?

Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, you gods,
Give me a worthy patience ! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes ?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
Grow like a sea upon me ? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laughed upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by ? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners ? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood ? Oh, that boy,
That cursèd boy ! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust ?

Are. Nay, then, I am betrayed :
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched !

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom : give it to your joy ;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot
For bursting¹ with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you :
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you ;
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has ; how your tongues, like scor-
pions,
Both heal and poison ; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you ; how that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face

¹ For fear of bursting ; a reference to the popular superstition
that there were places where no venomous creatures could exist.

And dies believing it, is lost for ever ;
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I' the morning with you, and at night behind you
Past and forgotten ; how your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone ;
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight ! [Exit.

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead !
What way have I deserved this ? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy ?

Enter BELLARIO.

Save me, how black
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now !
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies
And betray innocents ! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fooled by her passion ; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away !
Let my command force thee to that which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathèd office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what God,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds ! Madam, this grief

You add unto me is no more than drops
 To seas, for which they are not seen to swell ;
 My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
 And let out all the hope of future joys.
 You need not bid me fly ; I came to part,
 To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever !
 I durst not run away in honesty
 From such a lady, like a boy that stole
 Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
 Assist you in your sufferings ! Hasty time
 Reveal the truth to your abusèd lord
 And mine, that he may know your worth ; whilst I
 Go seek out some forgotten place to die !

[*Exit* BELLARIO.

Are. Peace guide thee ! Thou hast overthrown me
 once ;

Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
 Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
 Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
 My hair dishevelled, through the fiery streets.

Enter a LADY.

Lady. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for
 you

With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt !

Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
 As with a man,¹ let me discover thee
 Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
 That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
 And have my story written in my wounds ! [*Exeunt.*

¹ Actæon was torn in pieces by his own dogs, because he
 had discovered Diana bathing.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.

King. What, are the hounds before and all the woodmen,
Our horses ready and our bows bent ?

Dion. All, sir.

King. You are cloudy, sir : come, we have forgotten
[*To* PHARAMOND.
Your venial trespass ; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit ; here 's none dare utter it.

Dion. He looks dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks !

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough : his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus ; would he would leave off poaching !

Dion. And for his horn, h' 'as left it at the lodge where he lay late. Oh, he 's a precious limehound !¹ turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' the slip.

King. Is your boy turned away ?

Are. You did command, sir,
And I obeyed you.

King. 'T is well done. Hark ye further.
[*They talk apart.*

Cle. Is 't possible this fellow should repent ? me-

¹ A hunting-dog ; so named from the leash (*lyam*) used in leading him.

thinks, that were not noble in him ; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve¹ in 's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Dion. See, see how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour ! Why, what a devil can a man see in her face but that she 's honest !

Thra. Faith, no great matter to speak of ; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat ; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

Dion. See how they muster one another ! Oh, there is a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours and his dam drum-major ! now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.²

Cle. Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will ; before she was common talk, now none dare say cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection and a gracious ; and may use her body discreetly for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a large sum would come out of the city for these licences !

King. To horse, to horse ! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *The Sick Man's Salve*, a religious work, was often ridiculed by the dramatists.

² The baggage.

SCENE II.

*A Forest.**Enter two WOODMEN.**First Wood.* What, have you lodged the deer ?*Second Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.*First Wood.* Who shoots ?*Second Wood.* The princess.*First Wood.* No, she 'll hunt.*Second Wood.* She 'll take a stand, I say.*First Wood.* Who else ?*Second Wood.* Why, the young stranger-prince.

First Wood. He shall shoot in a stone-bow¹ for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship since he forsook the say,² for paying ten shillings. He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, his steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to turf his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristrem;³ for, if you be remembered, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal miching⁴ in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye. Who shoots else ?

Second Wood. The Lady Galatea.

First Wood. She 's liberal, and, by the gods, they say she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There 's all ?

Second Wood. No, one more; Megra.

¹ A cross-bow used chiefly for shooting stones.

² The "say" or testing of the deer involved the payment of ten shillings to the keeper.

³ A knight of the Round Table and patron of huntsmen.

⁴ Sneaking.

First Wood. That 's a firker ¹ i' faith, boy. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable), and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well and she pays well. Hark! let 's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Oh that I had been nourished in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain-girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body! (*aside*). — Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak:
You that are grieved can pity; hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord,

¹ A gay one.

View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger!

Phi. Is it thou? be gone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country-people think 't is treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by the gods, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and looked'st, and spok'st when
first

I took thee up:
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art;
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take?
That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are poison
To mine, and I am loath to grow in rage:
This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve; but I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter on one side DION, and on the other the two
WOODMEN.*

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance! You,
woodman!

First Wood. My Lord Dion?

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

Second Wood. Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

Second Wood. Faith my lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt* WOODMEN.]

Dion. Pox on your questions then!

Enter CLEREMONT.

What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms: when she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, that armed men were seen in the wood; but questionless she rode away willingly.

Enter KING, THRASILINE, and Attendants.

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How's that?

Answer me so again!

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that. I say again, where is she? Mutter not!—
Sir, speak you; where is she?

Dion. Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven, It is thy last!—You, fellows, answer me;

Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your King:
I wish to see my daughter; show her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To show her me! What! am I not your King?
If ay, then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things
Possible and honest! show her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!

Dion. Faith I cannot,
Unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betrayed me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her to me,
And set her here before me: 't is the King
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not?

Dion. No.

King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?

Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.

King. Is it so? Take heed!

Dion. Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.

King. Alas! what are we kings!
Why do you gods place us above the rest,
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There 's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings?
I have sinned, 't is true, and here stand to be punished;

Yet would not thus be punished ; let me choose
My way, and lay it on !

Dion. He articles with the gods. Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them ! (*aside*).

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, and MEGRA.

King. What, is she found ?

Pha. No ; we have ta'en her horse ;
He galloped empty by. There is some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood ;
Why left you her ?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command ! you should not.

Gal. 'T would ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King.

King. You 're all cunning to obey us for our hurt ;
But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in 's pocket ?
[*aside*].

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A cook, and a tailor.

Dion. Yet you may do well to spare your lady-bed-fellow ; and her you may keep for a spawner (*aside*).

King. I see
The injuries I have done must be revenged (*aside*).

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King. Run all, disperse yourselves. The man
that finds her,
Or (if she be killed), the traitor, I 'll make him great.

Dion. I know some would give five thousand
pounds to find her (*aside*).

Pha. Come, let us seek.

King. Each man a several way ;
Here I myself.

Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be searched myself.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. Where am I now ? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head :
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me : I am sick. [*Sits down.*]

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder 's my lady. God knows I want
Nothing, because I do not wish to live ;
Yet I will try her charity (*aside*). — Oh hear,
You that have plenty ! from that flowing store
Drop some on dry ground. — See, the lively red
Is gone to guard her heart ! I fear she faints. —
Madam ? look up ! — She breathes not. — Open once
more

Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord
Your latest farewell ! — Oh, she stirs. — How is it,
Madam ? speak comfort.

Are. 'T is not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,

And hold me there : I prithee, let me go ;
I shall do best without thee ; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage :
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing. —
Oh, monstrous ! Tempt me not, ye gods ! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man ! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here !

Bel. My lord, help, help !
The princess !

Are. I am well : forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women ! Some good god look down,
And shrink these veins up ; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damned act !

Hear me, you wicked ones ! (*aside*).
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quenched with tears ; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms ! at your meals and beds
Despair await you ! What, before my face ?
Poison of asps between your lips ! diseases
Be your best issues ! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you !

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.

Phi. I have done ;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,

Is less disturbed than I : I 'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,

[*Offers his drawn sword.*]

And search how temperate a heart I have ;
Then you and this your boy may live and reign
In lust without control. Wilt thou, Bellario ?
I prithee kill me ; thou art poor, and may 'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts ; when I am dead,
Thy way were freer. Am I raging now ?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sir, feel my pulse, whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die.

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's
time!

So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me, then?

Are. Kill you!

Bel. Not for the world.

Phi. I blame not thee,

Bellario : thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do. Be gone,
Leave me without reply ; this is the last
Of all our meeting. —

[*Exit BELLARIO.*]

Kill me with this sword ;

Be wise, or worse will follow : we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, there will be no slanders,
No jealousy in the other world ; no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Show me, then, the way.

Phi. Then guide my feeble hand,

You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice! — If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared.

Enter a COUNTRY FELLOW.

C. Fell. I'll see the King, if he be in the forest;
I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come
home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me.
I can see nothing but people better horsed than my-
self, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but shout-
ing. These kings had need of good brains; this
whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits.
There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this
hand, upon a woman, I think!

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!

[*Wounds her.*]

C. Fell. Hold, dastard! strike a woman! Thou'rt
a craven, I warrant thee: thou wouldst be loth to
play half a dozen venies¹ at wasters¹ with a good
fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?

C. Fell. God 'uds me,² I understand you not; but
I know the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head, which thou
Wilt force me to.

¹ A bout with cudgels.

² God judge me.

C. Fell. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest! [*They fight.*

Are. Heavens guard my lord!

C. Fell. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me:¹ could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loathe it. I must find a course
To lose it rather by my will than force.

[*aside and exit.*

C. Fell. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee,
wench, come and kiss me now.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, and WOODMEN.

Pha. What art thou?

C. Fell. Almost killed. I am for a foolish woman;
a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen!—Where 's the
wound, madam? Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

C. Fell. By God, she lies; h' 'as hurt her in the
breast; look else.

Pha. O, sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

C. Fell. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

C. Fell. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

¹ Compare with Iachim's speech, *Cymbeline*, Act V., Scene 3.

C. Fell. I told you, a rogue ; I ne'er saw him before, I —

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch ;
Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!

C. Fell. He 's hurt too ; he cannot go far ; I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all ;
'T is some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand,
I 'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut,
And bring him all to you in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick¹ to me,
And I will study for a punishment
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will. —
Woodmen, conduct the princess to the King,
And bear that wounded fellow to dressing. —
Come, gentlemen, we 'll follow the chase close.

[*Exeunt on one side* PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE ; *exit on the other* ARETHUSA, attended by the FIRST WOODMAN.]

C. Fell. I pray you, friend, let me see the King.

Second Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

C. Fell. If I get clear of this, I 'll go to see no more gay sights.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Alive.

SCENE IV.

*Another Part of the Forest.**Enter* BELLARIO.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
 And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
 For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all, [*Lies down.*
 Let me unworthy press you ; I could wish
 I rather were a corse strewed o'er with you
 Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
 And I am giddy : oh that I could take
 So sound a sleep that I might never wake ! [*Sleeps.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill ; my conscience calls me false,
 To strike at her that would not strike at me.
 When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
 The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
 And I a loathèd villain : if she be,
 She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds
 And cannot follow ; neither knows he —
 Who 's this ? Bellario sleeping ! If thou be'st
 Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
 Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast
 wronged, [*Cry within.*
 So broken. Hark ! I am pursued. You gods,
 I 'll take this offered means of my escape :
 They have no mark to know me but my wounds,
 If she be true ; if false, let mischief light
 On all the world at once ! Sword, print my wounds

Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.

[*Wounds* BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, death, I hope, is come! Blest be that
hand!

It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!

Phi. I have caught myself; [Falls.
The loss of blood hath stayed my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death;
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee; get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!

Phi. How's this?

Wouldst thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Have not bled much: reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loathed! Come, my good
lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes: who does know
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?

Phi. Than I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come.

[PHILASTER *creeps* into a bush.

(*Voices within.*) Follow, follow, follow! that way
they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own
sword.

I need not counterfeit to fall ; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer. [Falls.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.

Pha. To this place we have tracked him by his
blood.

Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, sir ! what are you ?

Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts : relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.

Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her : 't is the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.

Pha. Oh, thou damned
In thy creation ! what cause couldst thou shape
To hurt the princess ?

Bel. Then I 'm betrayed.

Dion. Betrayed ! no, apprehended.

Bel. I confess
(Urge it no more) that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make my aim,
Her death. For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.

Bel. Mine own revenge.

Pha. Revenge ! for what ?

Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower

Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
 My fortunes till they overflowed their banks,
 Threatening the men that crossed 'em ; when, as swift
 As storms arise at sea, she turned her eyes
 To burning suns upon me, and did dry
 The streams she had bestowed, leaving me worse
 And more contemned than other little brooks,
 Because I had been great. In short, I knew
 I could not live, and therefore did desire
 To die revenged.

Pha. If tortures can be found
 Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
 The utmost rigour.

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

[PHILASTER *creeps out of the bush.*

Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
 Know ye the price of that you bear away
 So rudely? .

Pha. Who's that?

Dion. 'T is the Lord Philaster.

Phi. 'T is not the treasure of all kings in one,
 The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
 That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
 That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess.
 Place me, some god, upon a pyramis
 Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
 Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
 I may discourse to all the under-world
 The worth that dwells in him !

Pha. How's this?

Bel. My lord, some man
 Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.

Bel. Alas, he's mad ! Come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods to punish most when men do break,
He touched her not. — Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown
With perjury. — By all the gods, 't was I!
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge!

Cle.

It was Philaster.

Dion. Is 't not a brave boy?

Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Dion.

Yes.

Phi.

Then show it: some

Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.

Would you have tears shed for you when you die?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there

I may weep floods and breathe forth my spirit.

'T is not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold

[*Embraces* BELLARIO.

Locked in the heart of earth, can buy away

This arm-full from me: this had been a ransom

To have redeemed the great Augustus Cæsar,

Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,

More stony than these mountains, can you see

Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh

To stop his life; to bind whose bitter wounds,

Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears

Bathe 'em. — Forgive me, thou that art the wealth

Of poor Philaster!

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, and Guard.

King.

Is the villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but say
It was Philaster.

Phi. Question it no more ;
It was.

King. The fellow that did fight with him,
Will tell us that.

Are. Ay me! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he,
He was disguised.

Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars,
That I should live still (*aside*).

King. Thou ambitious fool,
Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life! —
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear them to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged,
I should to earth go weeping: grant me, then,
By all the love a father bears his child,
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.

Dion. Death! Soft; our law will not reach that
for this fault.

King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you with a guard. —
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.

[*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, and
THRASILINE.

Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the
hearts of the people.

Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think
it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the King sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes; but the King must know 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the King sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away!

Dion. We'll scuffle hard before he perish.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, faith, Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh, Arethusa, oh, Bellario,
Leave to be kind!

I shall be shot from Heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man

False to a pair of the most trusty ones
 That ever earth bore : can it bear us all?
 Forgive, and leave me. But the King hath sent
 To call me to my death : oh, show it me,
 And then forget me ! and for thee, my boy,
 I shall deliver words will mollify
 The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
 Worthy your noble thoughts ! 't is not a life,
 'T is but a piece of childhood thrown away.
 Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
 Virtue and honour ; and when that day comes,
 If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
 May I live spotted for my perjury,
 And waste my limbs to nothing !

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
 Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)
 Do by the honour of a virgin swear
 To tell no hours beyond it !

Phi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison all joyful to our
 deaths !

Phi. People will tear me, when they find you true
 To such a wretch as I ; I shall die loathed.
 Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
 For ever sleep forgotten with my faults :
 Every just servant, every maid in love,
 Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

Are. My dear lord, say not so.

Bel. A piece of you !
 He was not born of woman that can cut
 It and look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you, for my heart
 Will break with shame and sorrow.

Are.

Why, 't is well.

Bel. Lament no more.

Phi. Why, what would you have done
If you had wronged me basely, and had found
Your life no price compared to mine? for love, sirs,
Deal with me truly.

Bel. 'T was mistaken, sir.

Phi. Why, if it were?

Bel. Then, sir, we would have asked
Your pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?

Are. Enjoy it! ay.

Phi. Would you indeed? be plain.

Bel. We would, my lord.

Phi. Forgive me, then.

Are. So, so.

Bel. 'T is as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A State Room in the Palace.

Enter KING, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, and
Attendants.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

Cle. So please you, sir, he 's gone to see the city
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.

King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?

Thra. She waits your grace.

King. Tell her we stay. [*Exit THRASILINE.*

Dion. King, you may be deceived yet :
The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable-roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate ; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins (*aside*).

*Enter ARETHUSA, PHILASTER, BELLARIO in a robe
and garland, and THRASILINE.*

King. How now ? what masque is this ?

Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessèd union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain where they grew,
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept
Free from the fervour of the Sirian star
And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the clouds,
When they were big with humour, and delivered,
In thousand spouts their issues to the earth ;
Oh, there was none but silent there !

Till never-pleasèd Fortune shot up shrubs,
 Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches ;
 And for awhile they did so, and did reign
 Over the mountain, and choke up his beauty
 With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
 Scorched them even to the roots and dried them there :
 And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
 That made these branches meet and twine together,
 Never to be divided. The god that sings
 His holy numbers over marriage-beds
 Hath knit their noble hearts ; and here they stand
 Your children, mighty King : and I have done.

King. How, how ?

Are.

Sir, if you love it in plain truth
 (For now there is no masquing in 't), this gentleman,
 The prisoner that you gave me, is become
 My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
 Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
 Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
 Arrived here my dear husband.

King.

Your dear husband!—

Call in the Captain of the Citadel. —

There shall you keep your wedding. I 'll provide
 A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron ¹
 Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems
 To your departing souls ;
 Blood shall put out your torches ; and, instead
 Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
 An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor,
 Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you gods!
 From this time do I shake all title off
 Of father to this woman, this base woman ;

¹ Hymen, in the old masks, was always dressed in saffron color.

And what there is of vengeance in a lion
Chafed among dogs or robbed of his dear young,
The same, enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me !

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I have done without repentance,
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest ! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue (*aside*).

Phi. Sir, let me speak next ;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster,
That feeds upon the blood you gave a life to ;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are living ; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble ;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument,
Though high and big as Pelion, shall be able
To cover this base murder : make it rich
With brass, with purest gold and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramids ; lay on epitaphs
Such as make great men gods ; my little marble,
That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,
Shall far outshine it. And for after-issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.

Remember my father, King! there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that sin persuade you
To love this lady; if you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be savèd. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languished under you, and daily withered,
That, by the gods, it is a joy to die;
I find a recreation in 't.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gent. Where is the King?

King. Here.

Gent. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger;
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the Lord Philaster.

Dion. Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your mistresses! (*aside*).

Enter a SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Second Gent. Arm, arm, arm!

King. A thousand devils take 'em!

Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em! (*aside*).

Second Gent. Arm, O King! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord Philaster.

King. Away to the citadel! I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.

[*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, and
THRASILINE.

Cle. The city up ! this was above our wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceived us all.

A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear
honour !

Oh, I could beat myself ! or do you beat me,
And I 'll beat you ; for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 't will but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp ? —
Well, my dear countrymen What-ye-lacks,¹ if you
continue, and fall not back upon the first broken shin,
I 'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and
chronicled, and all-to-be-praised and sung in sonnets,
and bawled in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall
troul you in *sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What, if a toy² take 'em i' the heels now,
and they all run away, and cry, 'The devil take the
hindmost' ?

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too,
and souse him for his breakfast ! If they all prove
cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speed-
ing ! May they have murrains reign to keep the
gentlemen at home unbound in easy frieze ! may the
moths branch their velvets, and their silks only to be
worn before sore eyes ! may their false lights undo
'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness
in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid ! may they
keep horses, and break ; and live mewed up with
necks of beef and turnips ! may they have many chil-
dren, and none like the father ! may they know no
language but that gibberish they prattle to their par-

¹ Merchants stood before their shops crying, "What-d-ye-lack ?" to passers.

² Whim or fancy.

cels, unless it be the goatish ¹ Latin they write in their bonds — and may they write that false, and lose their debts !

Reënter KING.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them ! How they swarm together ! what a hum they raise ! — Devils choke your wild throats ! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage ² for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'T is Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat : they will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the Lord Philaster ! speak him fair ; call him prince ; do him all the courtesy you can ; commend me to him. Oh, my wits, my wits !

[*Exit* CLEREMONT.]

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen ! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this ; nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you, and send you brawn and bacon, and soil ³ you every long vacation a brace of foremen, ³ that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking (*aside*).

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets of 's skin, to quench rebellion ; then clap a rivet in 's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter PHILASTER and CLEREMONT.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me ! do not make Your miseries and my faults meet together,

¹ Barbarous.

² Commission for the middleman.

³ Fatten a pair of geese.

To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wronged you ;
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to : take your love,
And with her my repentance, all my wishes
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks
this ;

And if the least fall from me not performed,
May I be struck with thunder !

Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach, which I 'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not moved, sir : I shall bring you peace,
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

*Enter an old CAPTAIN and CITIZENS, with PHARA-
MOND prisoner.*

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on.
Let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble
tongues
Forget your mother-gibberish of ' what do you lack,'

And set your mouths ope, children, till your palates
 Fall frightened half a fathom past the cure
 Of bay-salt and gross pepper, and then cry
 'Philaster, brave Philaster!' Let Philaster
 Be deeper in request, my ding-a-dings,
 My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs,¹
 Than your cold water-camlets, or your paintings
 Spitted with copper. Let not your hasty silks,
 Or your branched cloth of bodkin, or your tissues,
 Dearly belovèd of spiced cake and custard,
 Your Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tie your
 affections

In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers,²
 Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours;
 And let your uncut cholers make the King feel
 The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
 Cry, my rose-nobles,³ cry!

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord-prince?
 These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things
 That will not strike their top-sails to a foist,⁴
 And let a man-of-war, an argosy,
 Hull and cry cockles.⁵

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you
 do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;
 And give your greatness warning that you talk
 No more such bug's-words,⁶ or that soldered crown

¹ In their street brawls, London shopkeepers and apprentices commonly used clubs as weapons.

² Sneakers.

³ Rose-nobles were coins, stamped with a rose and worth sixteen shillings.

⁴ A small vessel.

⁵ Brag over them.

⁶ Bombast.

Shall be scratched with a musket.¹ Dear prince
Pippin,

Down with your noble blood, or, as I live,
I'll have you coddled. — Let him loose, my spirits:
Make us a round ring with your bills,² my Hectors,
And let me see what this trim man dares do.

Now, sir, have at you! here I lie;
And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweet
prince?)

I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-
legged,

Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murdered, wicked villains?

First Cit. Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not
seen one

For a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he?
Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes;
Branch me his skin in flowers like a satin,
And between every flower a mortal cut. —
Your royalty shall ravel! — Jag him, gentlemen;
I'll have him cut to the kell,³ then down the seams.
Oh for a whip to make him galloon-laces!
I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold;
The man begins to fear and know himself;
He shall for this time only be seeled up,⁴
With a feather through his nose, that he may only
See heaven, and think whither he is going. Nay,

¹ A young hawk.

² Pikes, halberds.

³ A membrane of the stomach.

⁴ To close the eyelids by passing a thread through them.

Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you :
You would be king !

Thou tender heir-apparent to a church-ale,¹
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet,
Thou royal ring-tail,² fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter !

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds !

First Cit. I'll have a leg, that's certain.

Second Cit. I'll have an arm.

Third Cit. I'll have his nose, and at mine own
charge build a college and clap it upon the gate.³

Fourth Cit. I'll have his little gut to string a kit
with :

For certainly a royal gut will sound like silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past
My pain once !

Fifth Cit. Good captain, let me have his liver to
feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else ? speak.

Pha. Good gods, consider me ! I shall be tortured.

First Cit. Captain, I'll give you the trimming of
your two-hand sword,

And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.

Second Cit. He had no horns, sir, had he ?

Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard :

What wouldst thou do with horns ?

Second Cit. Oh, if he had had,

I would have made rare hafts and whistles of 'em ;

But his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

¹ A festival at a church dedication.

² The hen-harrier.

³ A reference to Brazen Nose College, Oxford.

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave Prince Philaster !

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands Uncivil trades ?

Cap. My royal Rosicleer,¹
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers ;²
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions³ on.
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? speak. If not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold, and be satisfied : I am myself ;
Free as my thoughts are : by the gods, I am !

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules ?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gummed golls,⁴ and cry 'We are your
servants' ?

Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend ;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you ;
You have a noble soul : forget my name,

¹ See *The Mirror of Knighthood*.

² Slang for street ruffians.

³ Steel caps.

⁴ Perfumed hands.

And know my misery: set me safe aboard
 From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
 I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing, —
 Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
 Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
 The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
 To be as many creatures as a woman,
 And do as all they do, nay, to despair, —
 But I would rather make it a new nature,
 And live with all those, than endure one hour
 Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you. — Friends, discharge your fears;
 Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you
 I shall be old enough to find my safety.

Third Cit. Good sir, take heed he does not hurt
 you:

He is a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,
 And make you like a hawk.

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
 Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off!
 Look you, friends, how gently he leads! Upon my
 word,

He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
 Good my friends, go to your houses,
 And by me have your pardons and my love;
 And know there shall be nothing in my power
 You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes:
 To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
 Continue still your love; and, for an earnest,
 Drink this.

[*Gives money.*]

All. Long may'st thou live, brave prince, brave
 prince, brave prince!

[*Exeunt PHILASTER and PHARAMOND.*]

Cap. Go thy ways, thou art the king of courtesy !
 Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,
 And every man trace to his house again,
 And hang his pewter up ; then to the tavern,
 And bring your wives in muffs. We will have
 music ;
 And the red grape shall make us dance and rise,
 boys. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION,
 CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, *and* At-
 tendants.

King. Is it appeased ?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
 As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
 Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman !
 I will not break the least word I have given
 In promise to him : I have heaped a world
 Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
 To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Cle. My lord is come.

King. My son !
 Blest be the time that I have leave to call
 Such virtue mine ! Now thou art in mine arms,
 Methinks I have a salve unto my breast
 For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
 That I have wrought thee, and as much of joy

That I repent it, issue from mine eyes :
Let them appease thee. Take thy right ; take her ;
She is thy right too ; and forget to urge
My vexèd soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten. — For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeemed, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnished to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company :
How like you this piece ?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and hath found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed ;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth ;
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others ? or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want ?

Phi. What mean you ?

Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her boy together.

Dion. How now !

Meg. Ship us all four, my lord ; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.

Are. This earth, how false it is ! What means is
left for me

To clear myself ? It lies in your belief :
My lords, believe me ; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great King, that I may
speak

As freedom would ! then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions : hear me, sir ;
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.

Phi. This lady ! I would sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with anything. Believe her not.
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em ? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you ; then what were to be known
But death ?

King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted !

King. Bear away that boy
To torture : I will have her cleared or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my word back, worthy sir !
Ask something else : bury my life and right
In one poor grave ; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him ! It stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me : here stands a
man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived till I am pitied !
My former deeds were hateful : but this last

Is pitiful, for I unwillingly
 Have given the dear preserver of my life
 Unto his torture. Is it in the power
 Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

[*Offers to stab himself.*]

Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand!

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh
 Will try your constancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Dion. No. — Help, sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haste there;
 Why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
 You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak, then.

Bel. Great King, if you command
 This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
 Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
 My youth hath known; and stranger things than
 these

You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him.

[*DION and BELLARIO walk apart.*]

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
 I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told

In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They that would flatter my bad face would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.

Dion. By Heaven, and so there is!

Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the King
That I may scape this torture.

Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame! is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer?¹ where wert thou born?

Bel. In Syracuse.

Dion. What's thy name?

Bel. Euphrasia.

Dion. Oh, 't is just, 't is she!
Now I do know thee. Oh that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?

Bel. Would I had died indeed! I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.

¹ An allusion to the superstition that a murderer received the characteristics and form of the victim.

King. What, have you done?

Dion. All is discovered.

Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*Offers to stab himself.*]

All is discovered! Pray you, let me go.

King. Stay him.

Are. What is discovered?

Dion. Why, my shame.

It is a woman: let her speak the rest.

Phi. How? that again!

Dion. It is a woman.

Phi. Blessed be you powers that favour innocence!

King. Lay hold upon that lady. [*MEGRA is seized.*]

Phi. It is a woman, sir!—Hark, gentlemen,

It is a woman!—Arethusa, take

My soul into thy breast, that would be gone

With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,

And virtuous still to ages, in despite

Of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his shame?

Bel. I am his daughter.

Phi. The gods are just.

Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee

For mercy. [*Kneels.*]

Phi. (*raising him*). Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done,
'T was well meant.

Are. And for me, I have a power
To pardon sins, as oft as any man
Has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy!

Phi. But, Bellario
(For I must call thee still so), tell me why

Thou didst conceal thy sex. It was a fault,
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweighed it: all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered
What now we know.

Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so raised. But yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates:
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
Like breath: then was I called in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever: I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so: alas, I found it love!
Yet far from lust; for, could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did elude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and, understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid

Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry ; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry ; it is a thing within my vow :
But, if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Are. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Drest like a page to serve you ; nor will I
Suspect her living here. — Come, live with me ;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Cursed be the wife that hates her !

Phi. I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth
Without an heir. — Hear me, my royal father :
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman ;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty. But leave the court ;
This is no place for such. — You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there
Remember 't was your faults that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.

Pha. I do confess,
Renowned sir.

King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,

This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me,
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you !
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun ! Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood ;
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

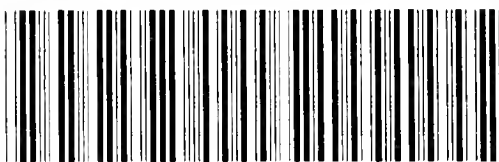
[*Exeunt.*







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